

Common Ground

The Slaying of the
European Father • Max Lerner

INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION: UTOPIA
OR REALITY Charles I. Glicksberg

EAST IS EAST Milla Z. Logan

INVITATION TO VERMONT A. Ritchie Low

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE FOR
HUMAN WELFARE James A. Dombrowski

RADIO ON THE INOFFENSIVE Milton Kaplan

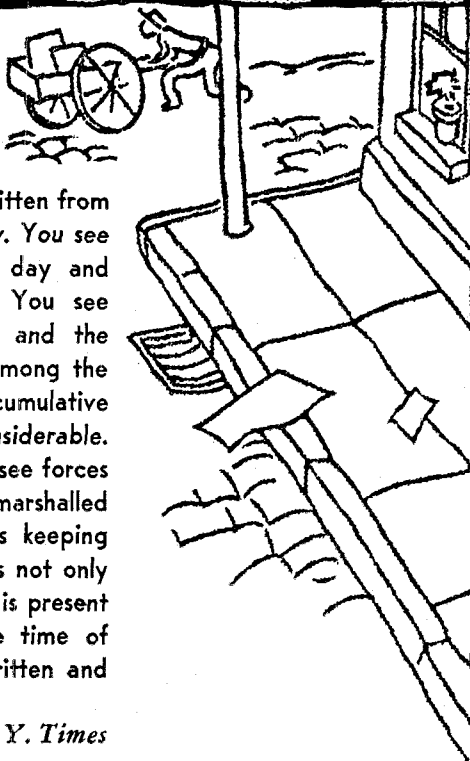
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— *and others* —

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THE SLAYING OF THE EUROPEAN FATHER

MAX LERNER

THE people who came to the American shores all felt intensely about America because in each case it was for them the end of the corridor, the door to a richer life. Whether they came for land or for freedom, they came because they had been denied it in their first homes. It was their pre-American historical memories that gave more point to the American experience. This is not to say that their earlier memories were wholly negative. In many instances the new setting was exactly the release that could separate pride and even a nostalgia for the old culture from the bitter memories of deprivation. But that release was to be found only when they had found a new home and a new amalgam of historical consciousness.

Thus the bundles of Old World memories, jostling each other in the New World, have enriched the American tradition. America was the place where the old memories found a new meaning. America was the arena of clash between the old deprivations and the new opportunities. That meant that every item of experience in the New World was fraught with a heightened tension, that every event was projected backward into a past more contrasting and into a future more exacting than in any other culture. This is what gave the American moment, in the Bergsonian sense, duration.

It is also what gives the American his sense of the personal largesse and the collective promise in the national scene. The conception of America as a cornucopia of well-being and freedom is one that has been deeply imbedded in the immigrant mind, from the first settlers to the latest refugees from fascist terrorism. Psychologically it is the basis of the American "promise."

The first image of the promise was the rich and abundant soil of America and the vast expanse of it. A man had room to move about in it, a man could pour his strength into it and get an adequate reward. This was followed by the image of America as the land of enterprise, where a man could set up for himself and nothing could stop him—if he had the ability—from reaching the top of the ladder of wealth and power. Finally came the image of America as the land of untold riches, where—as the immigrant myths would have it—everyone was always dressed in holiday finery and the paving-blocks in the streets were of gold.

Whatever the objective reality, these myths were all imaginatively real. They were one of the powerful forces that stirred the European mind. In European literature the dominant imaginative themes have often come from outside Europe—the imaginary voyage, the noble

savage, the Byronic hero eating his heart out in some mountain fastness in the far corners of the world, the splendor of the exotic Orient or Africa. But in the European folk mind the golden land of America has far outshone all these more professionally literary themes. There is no civilization in whose life-history the element of promise has played so crucial a part, nor one whose promise has had so powerful an impact on the mind of the older civilizations.

When a civilization is built around a promise, it is natural that social criticism should concern itself with the degree of fulfillment. American criticism has done that. The theme of national self-criticism came after the Civil War, with the ending of the frontier, the dominance of the business mentality, the awakening of labor protest, the depth and regularity of economic breakdown. "America was promises," wrote Archibald MacLeish after the Great Depression, and his choice of tense summed up the temper of American self-criticism. Yet what is important to a student of American civilization is less the fullness of the fulfillment than the persistence of the theme of promise. Promise has been America's great social myth, using the term in Sorel's sense, as an imaginative conception which moves men to passion and action regardless of the degree of its truth. George Santayana once spoke of "the metaphysical passion" which moved men to cross the seas to America to set up a new civilization. He was right. For all the scorn of metaphysics that you will find in American writing, the metaphysic of promise has been as crucial a non-rational element in the American civilization as the metaphysic of Christianity in the civilization of Europe from St. Augustine to Thomas Aquinas.

The difference between these two metaphysics furnishes a clue to the relation of

the American heritage to the European mind. America rejected Europe, but the act of rejection was also an act of carry-over.

The Christian metaphysic was one of renunciation and other-worldliness. It dominated European thought until the new science, the new navigation, the new discoveries, the new commercial wealth undercut it. The metaphysics of renunciation yielded, in the Commercial Revolution, the Renaissance, and the Reformation, to a new temper. The Golden Age was sought not in some primitive past nor in some putative future, but here on earth and now. Thus was the foundation laid for the metaphysic of promise. It had its roots in the Protestant ethic and in the humanist and secular energies loosed by the Renaissance. Thus the promise of American life had been prepared for by the humanism of Europe, and the energies of American life had their origin in the awakened energies of Europe.

This has been largely obscured in the literature of American uniqueness and American revolt. Europe, in the American consciousness, was something broken away from, something left behind. You get this theme in Crèvecoeur, with his talk of the wholly new American. You get it in Jefferson, with his recoil from the European monarchies and dynasties. You get it, phrased with balance and moderation, in Emerson: not only in his plea for a self-reliant American scholar, but best of all in the speech he delivered at Manchester in the midst of a depression in 1847, and with which he closes his *English Traits*: "If the courage of England goes with the chances of a commercial crisis, I will go back to the capes of Massachusetts, and my own Indian stream, and say to my countrymen, the old race are all gone, and the elasticity and hope of mankind must henceforth remain on the

THE SLAYING OF THE EUROPEAN FATHER

Alleghany ranges, or nowhere." And, as if in echo of Emerson, you find it in Whitman:

*Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson,
wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the
burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!*

Yet it must not be forgotten that, while Americans rejected Europe, they took over its cultural heritage. I go further than that: the act of revolt was itself an expression of the European consciousness. Without the European heritage it would have been impossible for America to revolt against Europe. The American ships that crossed the Atlantic carried over not only the European economy but also European aspirations and the European system of thought. The revolutionary elements in that system of thought had begun to show themselves before the settlement of America. In fact, the settlement of America was their product.

In this settlement and in the Revolution, the lustiest elements of the European consciousness were brought into play as against its most exhausted elements. It was free enterprise arrayed against mercantilism, laissez-faire arrayed against cameralism, individualism arrayed against rigid tradition, natural rights arrayed against political obligation, republicanism arrayed against monarchy, popular nationalism arrayed against the dynastic state, social mobility arrayed against caste, the pioneering spirit arrayed against the placid acceptance of things as they are. For before the American dream there was the European dream. Sometimes internal conflicts are resolved by revolution within, sometimes by settlement and revolution without. If the settlement of America helped drain off Europe's revolutionary energies, the revolution in America gave

expression to those energies. The new world of which Europe so long dreamed came to fruition under American skies. The European dream made America possible; and the American experience gave the European dream concreteness and reality.

This was the America-Europe nexus. But if this was so, one asks, why the rejection of Europe so chronic in the American tradition? An answer is suggested by the theme which runs through Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*—the tribal killing of the sacrificial king, or (as we may generalize it) the symbolic slaying of the father. The motive of the slaying, one may hazard, was the desire to ward off evil from the tribe by establishing the tribal separateness from him. Thus, also, it has often been noted that an adolescent needs to disown a parent in order to assert the core of his own personality. If we credit Michels' assertion that every nation has two dominant myths in its tradition—the *Mythus der Woher* and the *Mythus der Wohin*, the myth of origin and the myth of mission—then it becomes a striking fact that the American myth of origin emphasizes the rejection of the European heritage and the rebellion against the father.

Was this due partly to the inevitable feelings of inferiority engendered in a culture which held a colonial status for almost two centuries?—plus the bitterness of a Revolutionary War?—plus the cockiness of success and rapid strides toward power on the part of a once despised people?—plus the metaphysics of promise, which demanded that the sources and conditions of that promise be as home-grown as its prospects were glorious? Yet not even the sum of these can wipe away the paradox that the Americans who led in the rejection of Europe were themselves intellectuals deeply indebted to

European books and ideas. That was, for example, true of Jefferson, whose passion for freedom was rooted in the French natural-rights philosophy, while even his feeling for the independent American farmer had been foreshadowed by the Physiocrats. It was almost equally true of his opponent, John Adams, whose doctrine of mixed government went back to the English constitutional tradition. One suspects in each an element of deliberate intention to use the attacks on Europe as weapons against the other. Jefferson, by inveighing against European monarchies and social despotism, was not averse to adding to the political capital of the Republicans by attaching the stigma of a reactionary Europe to the Federalists. Adams, on his side, by inveighing against European revolutionary terrorists, was also not averse to implying that the author of the Letter to Mazzei belonged with them. Jefferson was the leader of the French school of European thought in America, and Adams the leader of the English school; but each found it necessary to make use of Europe in its entire symbolic sense as a weapon in his political battles.

The continued use of this symbol was strengthened by the continued inpouring of immigration. The three big anti-immigrant movements of American history—the Know Nothings of 1850, the Workingman's Party in California in 1873 which set off the exclusion bills, and the Ku Klux Klan after World War I—were deeply related to the inner social tensions of making a crudely predatory capitalism work and the inner personal tensions of living in a coarsely competitive society. In a nation made up of successive layers of immigrants, there was a marginal prestige in having left Europe behind earlier and a marginal stigma in having left it behind later. Each new batch found itself under the necessity of more blatantly and more hurriedly claiming the protective

coloration of "Americanism," and of acting more American than the "Americans." To do this meant a mounting xenophobia, even on the part of second-generation immigrants themselves. One of the results was the over-rapid and pointless drive toward "assimilation," and the wiping out of the valuable heritages and customs of ethnic groups in America which Jane Addams spent her life in championing, and for which Randolph Bourne argued so powerfully in his theory of a "trans-national" culture.

The primitives who feared the encroachments of radical ideas upon their power and status started by propagandizing the American xenophobia and ended by believing it. The "radical" and the "alien" came to be almost interchangeable terms. No matter that the American immigrant has never been an important radical factor in American politics, and that he has largely become a tool in the hands of reactionary machine politicians in the big cities. The popular conviction remained that radicals were aliens and aliens radicals. In 1944 a whole Presidential campaign was waged largely on that premise.

This psychic necessity for rejecting Europe has colored the whole spectrum of American social thinking. For his self-respect the American worker is led to reject useful ideas for social change—ideas far less radical than the radical democracy of Channing and Wendell Phillips, of Henry Demarest Lloyd and Edward Bellamy and Lincoln Steffens—on the ground that they are "European" and "Marxian." In his spiritual isolation the American businessman suffers from a sense of encirclement, and identifies with a European source whatever ills he feels he is subject to. Some of the major grandes peurs to which American men of property have been subject have either had these roots or have been dramatized in these terms;

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA

and the more easily dramatized because the rejection of Europe in the American tradition preceded even the Socialist scares created by the European revolutions of the 1840s or the Paris Commune of 1870. Finally, since a sense of encirclement fortifies a policy of isolationism, the considerations of state which led to such a foreign policy found psychological bolstering here.

To be sure, some of the best men in America suffered from the sense that they were missing something by their separation from Europe. Emerson preached self-reliance to Americans, yet he himself was mature enough to know that self-reliance excluded fear as well as awe; his relations with Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were relations between men of letters who had something to say to each other; and his book on *English Traits*, published after two trips to England, was sharp without being bitter, and appreciative without being reverential. After Emerson, American writers seemed incapable of maintaining

this wholeness, and they veered between an over-assertive nativism and a votive dependence. From Henry James in the old London houses that drew him so, to Ernest Hemingway in the Paris cafes in the 1920s, American writers went to Europe seeking some quality—aesthetic sensitiveness, expressiveness in living, old traditions, dedication to artistic discipline—which the cruder and lustier energies of the American civilization had not achieved.

Americans were paying for the sacrificial slaying of the father, and were placing offerings on his grave.

This is a chapter from a book Max Lerner is writing about American civilization. Former professor of political science at Williams, Mr. Lerner has been assistant to the publisher of PM since 1943. He is the author of It Is Later Than You Think, Ideas Are Weapons, Ideas for the Ice Age, The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes, and other volumes.

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA

FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD

Not by the clipped green lawn, the marble cast
In hero's pose, behind a picket fence,
The bronze inscription, and the well-cut date
Shall you know those
Who have discovered
America; no, not to those
Who passively inherit
The shell of the idea, and not itself,
Shall that America be ever shown
That was revealed, white, narrow, shining, veiled
In mists of promise, to the famished eyes

COMMON GROUND

Of Pilgrims weary for the sight of land
After the nightmare voyage, after the terror, after
The weariness, the sickness and the praying,
The aching in the bones for home cast off
In favor of a vision; the grim faith
That whipped the weak flesh on, that filled the sails
Big with their own desire, till the hard waves
Fell back defeated, and on faltering knees
They dropped on the strange land and called it home.

Summon the heroes up
Time has enmeshed in marble. Minute men,
Farmers of Lexington; a ragged mob
With courage half-cocked in their hands, unsure as yet
Even of the dream they had got glimpses of
Because it seemed too big for them to take
With their uncertain weapons; and it still
Eludes the marble and the picket fence,
The jewelled badges, and the inert hands
Whose freedom has been bought with others' blood.

But like those islands sunken in the sea
According to old legend, said to rise
At certain times, and show themselves again,
The old America shall still be seen
By those
Who come with trusting eyes, filled with a dream
Unknown to their experience; who come striped
With old abuses, trusting in the land
Their thoughts have built before their eyes beheld;
By those
Bare-handed, with a faith
The land shall fill them; they who crowd
The land-approaching rail with lovers' eyes, not seeing
The sordid street, the slum, the cynical deal,
And all the barriers ill-shod feet must cross.
And to these eager eyes shall yet be given
The rediscovery of America; these shall see
America as the Pilgrims once beheld it;
A free land wide as dreams, a fair land lying
With the white morning look of hope upon it.

Frances Minturn Howard has contributed poetry and short stories to a variety of publications. She lives with her husband in New York and Rhode Island, where they "both have a lot of ancestors buried."

EAST IS EAST

MILLA Z. LOGAN

IN A long-past phase of our domestic arrangements, my husband and I once settled down on a little known San Francisco hilltop whose rear end joins with the squalid back porches of Chinatown. This came about through a tendency on my part to shun the beaten paths in favor of inconvenient locations with plenty of "atmosphere."

Freeman Court is still hard to find. You get to it in a cable car that unloads its Occidental passengers among the conventionally situated apartment houses of Nob Hill. Then you and the Chinese Americans lurch in your seats, while the street car, released from its uphill pull, careens toward an important intersection where you and almost everybody get off. You walk uphill a few feet, but observantly, or you miss the slit between the billboards that conceal the wooden stairs. The stairs make a rickety path up a grassy slope that rises first over the dense tenements of Chinatown and finally over the Bay and the downtown skyscrapers. At the top is a grim, narrow, three-flat building, as out of place at that altitude as a towering feather on a tall woman's hat. We lived in the top-story flat, one hundred and four inside and outside stairs above street level (a figure of speech, of course, because there were no level streets that close). The lower flats were empty, but it seemed like carrying matters to their logical conclusion to choose the top story.

At first it didn't occur to me that I would need any special formula for dealing with my Chinese American neighbors in the rear. I was much too active loping

up the stairs conducting parties of guests and merchants to our hideout. When we invited people for dinner or ordered packages to be delivered, I would designate the nearest intersection and then, at the appointed time, I would clatter down the stairs to report for guide duty.

"It's like being met at the train when you go to the country," guests who got off the cable car would exclaim, in an ecstasy that mounted to near heart failure before they collapsed in our living room.

I began very soon to hear about the techniques for getting along with the Chinese, from my only Caucasian neighbor. She spoke with the authority of an old settler, having built her substantial home in the alley when it was a "good" neighborhood. Now that she was being nosed out by the "Chinese hordes," she brooded over depressed property values and the "yellow peril."

Missee Dow-so, as she was known in the alley (her Western name was Mrs. Dawson), knew the Chinese inside out—"as near as anybody can get to know them," she cynically amended.

She always spoke of the Chinese Americans, without any antecedent, as "They." According to Mrs. Dow-so, "They" were unfathomable. "They" smiled at you and nodded pleasantly, but you never knew what "they" were thinking.

"You'll never get next to them," she warned me. "You'll think you're on good neighborly terms with them and then one day you'll get slapped in the face with a snub. You just have to watch your step with them."

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It wasn't only Missee Dow-so who emphasized the abyss between us and our neighbors. Guests who had lived in the Orient came to the kitchen window and shook their heads wisely over their highballs as they looked into the alley below. "You'll never get to know them," they said heavily.

We took all these comments lightly. As far as we were concerned, they were platitudes which gave a pleasing swing to Kipling or Bret Harte but had no bearing on the neighborhood's attitude toward us.

Our first workout with the Chinese was with their children who collected in bands on the hillside as if they had an appointment with the Pied Piper. The children, Mrs. Dow-so had warned me, would make our lives hideous. They would address us from the bottom of the hill in foul-mouthed abuse which they could sing-song expertly in both languages. They would pelt us with rusty tin cans and jagged rocks, and when we complained of this treatment they would show their displeasure by emptying our garbage can on the stairs. In the face of these dangers I walked with tiptoe caution up and down the stairs, not to distract the various groups from what seemed to me tense gambling games. At first they paid no attention to us, and I thought they might be purposely looking the other way because our dog was usually along. In spite of a determination not to generalize, I couldn't help noticing that the Chinese children were afraid of dogs. When a dog made a move in their direction, they ran as if being chased by a fire-snorting dragon.

But evidently our dog had nothing to do with our immunity from rocks and curses, because one afternoon, when I stopped for breath on one of the landings, a spokesman for a group of middle-sized boys approached me respectfully and said, "Hello."

"What kind of 'duck' is that?" he asked pointing to our dog. "Is he boo-duck?"

"Not bull dog. Shepherd dog," I said, approximating the breed.

"Supper duck," the boy repeated, passing the information out to the others who nodded approvingly.

One of the boys said some Chinese words to the spokesman, who relayed them in English to me.

"How much you pay for him?" he asked.

This particular dog had been part of a ragged road company that played "Peg o' My Heart," in which he was Michael. We had taken him in after the show's closing notice went up and he was hardly in a condition to command any kind of price. But under the circumstances I thought it best to save the dog's face. I quoted the first round number that came to me.

"I pay five dollars for him," I said.

"Five dollars!" the group echoed. "Cheap, very cheap." A prolonged murmur of approval passed through the crowd and I felt myself taking on the stature of a hard bargainer.

After that, there was a contest among the children to see which could extend the most courtesies to us. I had to divide my grocery bag into small parcels so that each child could carry something up the stairs for me. When I tried to show my appreciation by passing out pennies, they were rejected with the righteousness of a public servant rejecting a bribe.

All the children, particularly the boys, treated my husband with a formal deference due the head of a family. As many times a day as they saw me they never forgot to inquire dutifully after the health of the "Bick-boy." When the "Bick-boy" came home from work, they escorted him reverently up the stairs like a guard of honor bringing a fallen statesman home to his last resting place.

We never got within conversational

distance of the adults, who seemed to hole into their flats from one Chinese New Year's season to the next. They seldom went out on the streets or into the grocery



stores but seemed to depend for nourishment on trays that waiters carried on their heads, late every night, from the

neon-lit chop suey restaurants on Grant Avenue. We saw them on their back porches and they always waved and nodded to us in a spirit of applause, which showed that the children had been boosting us.

I thought Misse Dow-so would take back her words when she saw we were plying the wooden stairs not only in safety but in style. But she wasn't impressed.

"It's because you don't get after them for trampling down flowers or littering the stairs," she explained. "You just try it and see what you get." But of course I wouldn't even think of trying it. Years ago, under the influence of a starchy German American neighbor, who poured buckets of water on me for drawing chimney stacks on her sidewalk, I had taken a pledge never when I grew up to get in the hair of little children at play.

We were most intimate with the preschool set because they had more leisure than the older children who had to scurry down the hill to Chinese school when the American school day was over. Among that set I got to know one crowd better than the others. They had an unusually articulate leader who could hold up her side's end of the conversation better than most. She was Eloise, going on six, and she had a younger sister, Elaine, and a baby brother called Buddy. There were also five or six cousins who shyly backed Eloise in all her pronouncements.

Eloise brought her group up to the top landing every morning when I came out with the dog. Every morning, she inquired without any suggestion of indelicate intrusion into those of my personal affairs that were of general interest. Was the "duck's" foot still sore? When were the painters coming back? I, in turn, showed a properly restrained interest in matters which concerned the group's welfare. On mornings when Eloise was unusually communicative, I got illustrated re-

ports of their activities. On these occasions she ordered them to show me how they had learned to cross themselves and to genuflect in the Roman Catholic Mission Sunday School for Chinese children. This achievement was looked upon by all participants as an exhibition of acrobatic skill, like chinning one's self on the wooden stair railing. On other mornings Eloise led the groups in a recitation of "Hail, Mary," in which they roughly addressed the Virgin as "Hey! Mary."

Sometimes a member of the group overstepped the bounds and invaded my privacy, to Eloise's way of thinking. It was that way one morning when I was sitting on the stairs and felt fat, pudgy baby fingers creeping along the back of my neck. I was afraid to discourage the overture by moving and so I sat tense and breathless as if I were luring a wild bird to bread crumbs. But Eloise caught the gesture, and she spoke severely in Chinese to Buddy, who ran from me and hid his head in her skirts.

Two weeks before Hallowe'en the children showed up for the morning discourses with grinning masks. This gave me the idea of having a Hallowe'en party for them. It turned out to be a popular suggestion, and every morning thereafter we devoted ourselves to making plans for the party. It was going to be upstairs in my house where none of the children had ever been.

"Will we have firecrackers?" one of the boys inquired through Eloise.

"Not on Hallowe'en," I explained, "but we'll have bobbing for apples."

In all our conversations I had never touched on a subject which drew as much interest as bobbing for apples. Every morning, by nagging popular request, I had to go through the imaginary routine of dunking my head in a tub of water and coming out with a red apple ferociously clenched between my teeth. It was a sport

that seemed to hold the same vigorous appeal as genuflecting. Everybody was counting the days until it could be tried.

Two days before the party I polled the group for its choice of icecream flavors, and I came out with pumpkin as the prevailing favorite. On the day before Hallowe'en I came home with two shopping bags full of appointments for the party, and divided the smaller bags among my carriers. "Little make-believe pumpkins," I said to Eloise, handing her the bulkiest package. Elaine carried the favors, and a cross-eyed boy cousin named Dimples car-



ried the orange-colored cake, while others brought up the rear with lesser equipment.

We had our regular morning meeting on the landing the day of the party, and I reminded everyone for the last time that the hour was two o'clock and that papier maché costumes crudely indicating Little Bo-Peep and other Mother Goose people would be passed out at the door.

At one o'clock I slipped down the wooden stairs to meet the icecream man. I was sorry none of the children were around to enjoy the exciting preliminary of escorting the freezer to my back porch. I was expecting eight, but I had set the table for ten in case a stray cousin or two got mixed in with the invited guests. The last thing I did was to wrap a floor-length flounce of black papier maché around my waist and fling a cape of it around my shoulders. I had intended to look like Old Mother Witch but I turned out like a monument heavily draped in Memorial Day mourning. I put my peaked witch's cap and my broomstick in the hall where I could hastily pick them up when the doorbell rang.

By two-fifteen no one had come. I remembered uncertainly that I had once heard someone say the Chinese considered it ill-bred to get to a party on time. At two-thirty I looked out the front window but the stairs were strangely bare. At quarter of three I looked out again and saw my guests playing on the street. I flew down the street in my crackling witch's robe.

"Eloise!" I called sharply. "It's time for the party. Come on."

At that moment I saw for the first time in my life the Chinese look that people had described as unfathomable. It was "bland," "inscrutable," "enigmatical," and everything else I had ever heard said about it along those lines. The children playing with Eloise dropped the handles of their toy wagons and took on the look, too. Surrounded by this sublime poise, I lost my head. "The party," I screamed, like a cawing crow. "Aren't you coming to the party?"

Eloise looked me fully in the face. "Some other time," she said graciously.

"But the party's today," I pleaded. "The icecream will melt."

"Another time," Eloise said soothingly.

"We can't come to the party today." Not a child stirred from her side and something told me I would lose face if I stayed there longer. As I climbed the stairs, I felt myself enfolded in the darkness of my witch's gown, now somewhat wilted from a certain amount of thrashing around.

Missee Dow-so was leaning over the back gate that connected the hill with the alley. She gave me a sourly pitying look.

"I knew they wouldn't come," she said. "Even if their parents let them, they wouldn't go to a foreigner's house."

"But they said they were coming. We've been planning this for two weeks."

"I know. They even told me about the pumpkins and the icecream. They had a good time talking about it. But they never dreamed you were going to call for a showdown and actually give the party. They thought you knew better."

It all sounded too subtle. "But they're such little children," I protested.

Missee Dow-so took this objection coldly. "Children," she snorted. "They never were children. They start at a hundred and fifty."

The next morning Eloise and her crowd were on the landing when I came out with the dog. They crowded us with their usual attentions, and it was as if the street scene of yesterday had never happened. I had made a bad slip, but apparently Eloise had forgiven me. She was ignoring my mistake as I had overlooked Buddy's trying to hug me that time.

Now we were even.

Milla Logan's Serbian American book will be published by Random House in September under the title Bring Along Laughter.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE FOR HUMAN WELFARE

JAMES A. DOMBROWSKI

ON THE morning of February 26, 1946, the press of the nation headlined stories of a "race riot" in Columbia, Tennessee. The "facts" were few and strangely without context. Four officers and two white civilians had been wounded in "night-long rioting." Sixty-seven Negroes had been arrested. Hundreds of guns had been confiscated.

As far as one could tell from the first burst of stories, the outbreak was as innocent of social causation as a bolt of lightning. As the story grew, it grew also its own theory of causation. Authorities "probing the riot" dropped hints, which sections of the press enthusiastically developed. It had been a "Negro uprising," planned for months in advance. Negroes had been patiently accumulating guns in preparation for the great undertaking. White outsiders who had been exhorting the Negroes to rise were implicated and would soon be arrested. Long-distance 'phone calls to Columbia on the night of the disturbance were being traced. Calls made to the Negro section from Chicago, Columbus, Georgia, and Nashville were particularly mentioned.

On the night of February 26, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare collaborated with the Chattanooga branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in sending an investigator into Columbia. More detailed investigations followed, in which the schw played an active part.

Within a week after the event, the schw had sent the report of its investiga-

tion to its entire membership and to its entire contact list in Tennessee, a total mailing of about 10,000 copies, giving the world the first sober and rounded account of what had actually taken place in Columbia.

The fact was very different from the fiction. The theme of outside agitation proved to be mere smoke-screen. There had actually been no Negro uprising, either prepared or spontaneous. The Negroes had not even rioted. Instead they had, by their calm courage and determination, prevented a riot.

It had all started at 10 a.m. on Monday, February 25, in a quarrel in a radio repair shop. A Negro mother, accompanied by her young son just released from the Navy, had accused the white repairman of cheating her on a job. She had been allegedly insulted and struck by the repairman. The son, James Stephenson, 19, had come to his mother's defense and fought the white man. Mother and son had then been set upon by white bystanders. When the police came, the mother and son were arrested, but their attackers were not.

That afternoon a mob formed to lynch the Stephensons. It was not a mob of Columbia people, but of men from nearby rural areas—though a few drunken townspeople joined in. The mob attacked the jail, but it got there too late. The Stephensons had already been bonded out and taken, for the safety of numbers, to the center of the small, crowded, Negro business section.

Negro leaders appealed to the authorities for protection against the mob, but the best they could get was advice to get the Stephensons out of town—advice which was promptly followed. But the frustrated mob, robbed of its intended victims, turned against the whole Negro community.

Up to this point, the incident had closely followed traditional patterns. Here the Negroes injected an important new element. They did not wait in helpless terror for the attack, nor did they scatter and flee. One Negro leader said to the others, "If we can keep this away from our women and children, whatever happens to us, it will be worth it." They got out their hunting guns and waited. (The Constitution of Tennessee, Art. 1, Sec. 2, says "... the doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind," and the Code of Tennessee, Sec. 11413, says, "Lawful resistance to the commission of a public offense may be made by the party about to be injured, or by others.")

When the first cars of whites entered the Negro section, they were fired on and retreated hastily, nursing buckshot wounds. But some members cruised by in cars, firing at the Negro section as they passed. To avoid presenting lighted targets to the snipers, the defenders turned out all the lights in their area.

Later, four white police officers (there are no Negro police in Columbia) ventured into the defended territory, possibly to inquire why members of a nice friendly lynch mob had been given so inhospitable a reception. In the dark and confusion, the approaching figures were not identifiable as officers. More shots were fired, and the four policemen also retreated, nursing wounds.

Then the highway patrol and the state troops were called in. But these took no

action at all against the mob. Instead, they took over some of the functions of the mob. They threw a cordon around the tiny Negro business section and kept it sealed off for the remainder of the night. Then, at dawn, the highway patrol came in shooting.

The patrol took the area like an army taking an enemy village. As they came to each building, they broke the windows and sprayed the interiors with machine-gun fire. Then they moved in, smashing and looting. In a drugstore, mirrors and showcases were smashed and the soda fountain demolished. Tobacco stocks were stolen and the cash register rifled. In a pool room, the green baize coverings were ripped from the pool tables. In cafes, the juke boxes were jimmied open to steal the nickels, and ice boxes broken into to steal the beer. In a funeral parlor, casket linings were soaked with embalming fluid to put them beyond repair, drapes were cut to pieces, lighting fixtures were smashed, and a huge "KKK" placed on a casket.

In the mass arrests of the men whose courage had thwarted a lynching and forestalled a real race riot, the victims were kicked and cuffed, beaten with gunbutts and blackjacks. One was unconscious for 72 hours and suffered an impairment of vision which may be permanent. The left arm of another was broken near the elbow by machine-gun fire. None were given immediate effective medical treatment.

When the raid was over, Lynn Bomar, state safety director, who had personally led it, toured the rest of the Negro section of town in a sound car. "We are down here to give you folks the same protection as we do the people on the other side of town," he said over the microphone. "Let me see you smile!"

The story of the brutality and vandalism of the raid was not told and has

not yet been told in the white press of Columbia or of Nashville, forty-two miles away. The white people of Columbia do not know it occurred, though they know all about the non-existent "plans for a Negro uprising."

After the raid, patrolmen and state troopers were deputized to make a search of every Negro home in town for weapons. Nobody bothered to get any warrants. Homes so remote from the scene of the excitement that the sleeping inhabitants knew nothing of what had occurred were broken into and searched. Bird guns, squirrel guns, and souvenir weapons from foreign battlefields were seized from trunks, closets, and other places of storage. In this manner, a display of oddly assorted firearms, described by the authorities as about 400 pieces, was assembled from a Negro population of well over three thousand persons, and triumphantly photographed as proof of the uprising.

The number of Negroes arrested grew to one hundred, and all were held for periods ranging up to eight days without formal charge, without arraignment, without being admitted to bond, and without being permitted to talk to their counsel, NAACP attorneys, Z. Alexander Looby and Maurice Weaver.

On February 28, the patrolmen themselves contributed the definitive characterization of the "investigation" when they shot two of the prisoners to death inside the jail. It was announced that one of the prisoners had grabbed a gun from the stack of confiscated weapons and fired on a deputy, giving him a slight flesh wound in the arm. No one has explained why prisoners were in a room where there were loose guns lying around, nor why the prisoners could not be subdued without killing them, nor what methods of questioning were used which could drive helpless prisoners to so desperate

and hopeless an extremity. The official attempts to explain how it was possible for a prisoner, who had been searched several times, to have on hand the right kind of ammunition to load such a gun have been notably unconvincing.

Simultaneously with publishing the first factual study of the Columbia case, the Southern Conference initiated the first large-scale public protest action. Each of the ten thousand envelopes in which the story was sent contained also a printed postcard, addressed to the Governor of Tennessee and ready to be signed and dropped in the mail, protesting the treatment of the defendants and demanding prosecution of the officers. About a week later, the Southern Conference published the first pamphlet on the case, telling the same story in greater detail and including photographs of the brutality and vandalism of the officers. Printings of this pamphlet, "The Truth About Columbia," have run to more than a hundred thousand copies. The response to these mailings was gratifying and immediate. Letters of support and congratulation poured in from all over the South. National, as well as southern, concern about the events in Columbia mounted rapidly.

In March, the schw joined with the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties and the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, cio (which has white and Negro workers organized in the same local unions in Columbia and environs), in initiating a national emergency conference on the case, held in Washington. At this meeting, Dr. Clark H. Foreman, Southern Conference President, characterized the case as more like a pogrom than a race riot. A delegation was sent from this meeting to confer with the U.S. Attorney General.

In response to this action and the wave

of similar protests which it initiated, the Department of Justice ordered the Federal grand jury to investigate the whole affair and indict any persons found guilty of violating Federal civil rights statutes.

But the Southern Conference is not a defense organization, nor even a civil rights organization. It is an organization directed primarily at eliminating the root causes of such conflicts.

In Columbia, for example, it was found that the outbreak had taken place when relations between the races in the town were no worse and probably better than they had ordinarily been. The antagonism had stemmed from a nearby rural area, in which an especially shocking previous lynching had taken place in 1933. This area, from which the mob had come to Columbia to get the Stephensons, was made up of farms which had been operated for generations by the exploitation of Negro labor under semi-peonage conditions. These farms had been left desperately short-handed when the young men went off to war. After the war, the young men came back, but to the town, not the farms. The farm owners made numerous trips to town to interview their ex-hands and attempted to persuade, cajole, or bully them back to the land, but without success. The veterans were looking for town jobs and, failing that, preferred to live on their GI unemployment compensation of twenty dollars a week, which provided a higher standard of living than the farms had to offer. The social conflict which developed on this economic foundation was sharpened still further by the resentment of the farm owners at the dignified bearing and self-respect of the returning Negro veterans, which they felt as an affront against their ancient rural southern tradition of Negro servility. Out of these conditions had grown a grim determina-

tion of the farm owners that the Negro veterans must be taught a lesson—be “put in their places,” as the white supremacists like to phrase it. This determination was the powder keg which produced the Columbia case. The incident in the radio repair shop was merely the spark which set it off.

Seen in this context, it is no mere coincidence that James Stephenson was a youth just released from the Navy, nor that most of the men who armed themselves and stopped the mob were veterans also. Seen in this context, the Columbia case is not an isolated incident, but merely the largest and most dramatic of a long series of outbreaks of violence against Negro veterans which have occurred throughout the country, not merely in the South. Seen in this context, the Columbia case becomes the test case on the fate of the Negro veteran of World War II. The issue is whether the Negro's part in the war for democracy shall become the basis for a new, fairer, and more democratic pattern of race relations—or whether the Negro's claim to a share in what he fought for shall be bloodily suppressed, as it was after the first world war, with all the peril to the liberties of the whole American people that such a process necessarily entails.

The position of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare on this issue has never been in doubt. Its position is that racial discrimination is not only undemocratic and un-Christian, but a brake upon the social progress of even the favored racial group. Its position is to bring the races together to solve all their problems in amity and co-operation, and to raise the living standards of the South as a whole. It recognizes that this can only be accomplished by removing the barriers which have been erected to keep the races apart.

To further its basic objective of raising the living standards of the South as a whole, the SCHW makes periodic studies of the economic status of the region.

One of these, made in July 1945, titled "What's Wrong With Southern Industry," showed that, though the South's human and natural resources compare favorably with those of any other section, the richest southern state is still poorer than the poorest state outside the South. The study offered three basic reasons for this fact: first, the dominance of agriculture rather than industry in the southern economy; second, the fact that most southern industry is the kind which produces raw materials rather than that which makes finished products, while it is in the latter type of industry that techniques are advanced, labor skilled, and wage levels relatively high; third, the fact that outside capital and absentee ownership have drained the wealth out of the region. The remedy recommended was a program of planned industrial development for the South, emphasizing finished goods industries and the utilization of southern capital. It was pointed out that emergency wartime industrial developments in the South laid an excellent basis for this, provided the reconversion program preserved these new southern industries and integrated them into the southern civilian economy.

A parallel analysis of the plight of southern agriculture was made the following month. This study showed that the South had one-half the nation's farmers, but only one-third of its land and only one-fourth of its farm income. This situation was traced to the now familiar story of single-crop economy, absentee ownership, tenancy, and the resulting backwardness of techniques and impoverishment of the soil. The remedy proposed was an ambitious program of family-sized, owner-operated farms, with di-

versification, government credit, and co-operative ownership of farm machinery.

A study of the health problem of the South showed that fifty per cent of Southerners examined for military service were rejected as physically or mentally unfit, against thirty-five per cent for other regions. The situation was traced to the fact that the general low income of the southern people makes it impossible for them to pay for adequate medical care. Among the recommendations were Federal grants-in-aid to the states for the improvement of hospitals, clinics, and public health services, and passage of the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill for cradle-to-grave social insurance.

An examination of the South's status in education showed that, though the South spent as high a proportion of its income for educational purposes as any other region, the southern states were still all at the bottom of the list in expenditure per pupil. The proposal of Senator Lister Hill of Alabama for Federal aid to the states for the equalization of educational opportunity was seen as the answer.

There are a number of organizations which concern themselves with making similar studies and popularizing them, in the hope that others will someday act upon the recommendations advanced. The Southern Conference recognizes the positive value of such educational programs, but it does not limit itself to them. The SCHW is also an organization for action. It recommends legislation for the carrying out of these programs and its state committees go to work arousing organized support for these legislative proposals.

An example of the activity of these state committees was the Public Hearing on the 65c Minimum Wage, sponsored by the Committee for North Carolina,

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in co-operation with the CIO and the AF of L in the state. Three hundred North Carolina citizens attended the day-long hearing in the Durham City Hall council chambers to hear 18 witnesses testify to the state's urgent need for minimum-wage legislation.

Who testified? A law professor from Duke University and a political science professor from the University at Chapel Hill, tobacco workers, a YWCA secretary, furniture workers, a Catholic priest and three Protestant ministers, textile workers, government officials and lawyers, the state directors of the AF of L and CIO. The only opposition to the 65¢ minimum came from the general counsel of the Southern States Industrial Council, who spoke representing the National Association of Manufacturers.

One of the textile workers had been recently discharged from the Army. The regional attorney for the U.S. Wage-Hour Division, who was moderator, asked: "How does the wage you get as a textile worker compare with a private's pay in the Army?"

The answer: "It doesn't come up to it."

"How much did you earn as a private in the Army?"

"One hundred forty-four dollars a month, allotment and all."

"How much would that be an hour?"

"Eighty cents an hour."

"Is your family getting along as well on what you make now as they did when you were in the Army?"

"Well, they got along some better in the Army."

Representative Carl Durham, Congressman from the Durham district, was invited to attend the hearing. He didn't come. But he and all the other North Carolina Congressmen were sent the entire proceedings, to think about before they vote. And North Carolinians who

attended the hearing and heard it broadcast have had something to say to their Congressmen, direct!

This hearing illustrates perhaps the most valuable asset of the SCHW—its ability to draw together behind its program the widely varying groups in the southern community. Under its banner come together all the branches of organized labor; the church groups, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish; the campus, both faculty and students well represented; farm groups; women's and civic organizations; including, of course, Negro and white alike.

For example, our Committee for Georgia co-operated with a large group of statewide organizations in sponsoring a conference on rural health problems in Georgia. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States; Dr. F. D. Mott, Director of Health Services of the Farm Security Administration; and Mrs. Martha Eliot of the U.S. Department of Labor's Children's Bureau were present, together with leaders in the Georgia health field. Two Executive Board members of the Committee for Georgia, from Georgia School of Technology and Emory University, were leaders of the forum.

Our Committee for Alabama gave us another example in January. To its "Emergency Meeting on Jobs and Security," called to discuss the economic needs of the state, came these speakers: liberal Congressman Luther Patrick of Birmingham; the editor of the Southern Farmer; the editor of the Birmingham World, Negro weekly; the state secretaries of the Alabama Federation of Labor and the Alabama State CIO Council, and the President of the United Mine Workers district; the regional medical officer of the Farm Security Administration; and an outstanding minister.

Because of this wide support, the SCHW can do an effective job in mobilizing pro-

gressive southern opinion, when and where it is most needed.

When the Fair Employment Practice Committee bill came before the Senate, the southern filibusterers told the nation—and the nation generally believed them—that they spoke for a Solid South. There had been little expression to the contrary. But before the filibuster was over, the schrw had marshalled so much southern support for the FEPC that Bilbo cried out: "I wish there were some filibuster I could inaugurate to destroy the so-called Southern Conference for Human Welfare."

The schrw solicited these expressions from the hitherto "silent South":

1. A petition signed by almost 4,000 prominent Southerners, saying: "The time to permit filibusters in America has passed. . . . A filibuster obstructs majority rule and gives supreme power to a small minority. . . . We southern citizens, proud of the part played by Southerners in establishing these United States of America, and in drafting its Constitution, declare that Senators engaging in filibuster, flout not only the will of the Senate, but the best traditions of the South." Signers of this petition came from virtually every group of southern citizens. It is an impressive list, with every state well represented, over 100 signatures from Mississippi.

2. Nine mass meetings, in Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and North Carolina, with a total attendance of over 10,000 Southerners, who passed resolutions condemning the filibuster and urging the passage of the FEPC bill.

3. Half-page advertisements in ten southern dailies, which were perhaps the only reasoned statements on behalf of FEPC which appeared in the southern press. Citizens in Little Rock, Arkansas; Tampa, Florida; Oklahoma City; Galveston, Texas; Columbia, South Carolina;

and Chattanooga, Tennessee, read for the first time:

"We are concerned here with the simple question of whether or not an American citizen shall have the right to earn bread for his family and to make his full contribution to society regardless of race, creed, color, or national origin. As citizens of a nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, can we offer more than one answer to that query?"

These advertisements were initiated by the Southern Conference, but were signed and paid for by local organizations in these southern cities.

4. A statement scoring Bilbo's filibuster was signed by seventy Methodist and Baptist ministers in answer to Bilbo's threat during the filibuster: "I'll take care of those Methodists and Baptists."

An analysis of the actual provisions and significance of the Fair Employment Practice bill, made by a leading southern attorney, was sent to the entire southern press (in view of the distorted and misleading accounts which had been fed to them). The Southern Conference also urged its members to send individual protests against the filibuster to the President. Among those who responded was the Reverend Marshall Wingfield, past Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, who wired the President: "There are many Southerners who yearn for the day when we will be represented again in Congress by men with the same conception of forthright democracy advocated and practiced by Jefferson and Jackson, and the same warm human spirit of Robert E. Lee."

That these voices were heard in Washington was evidenced when Senator Byrd of Virginia felt it necessary to wire all the southern governors for their assurance that the South was against the FEPC. To the dutiful reply of Governor Sparks

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of Alabama, the Committee for Alabama, SCHW affiliate, replied in a telegram:

"The great majority of organized labor in Alabama, representing well over 200,000 Alabama citizens, has long been on record in favor of federal fair employment legislation; likewise, every organization of the Negro people, who make up almost half our state population, has spoken out in favor of the FEPC bill. The SCHW has gone on record for passage of the FEPC bill now before Congress.

"Neither Governor Sparks nor yourself can honestly speak for the citizens of Alabama and Virginia so long as the great majority are disfranchised by poll-tax requirements and undemocratic registration board practices. We predict that when the day comes when all of the southern people are permitted to vote, they will express themselves in favor of fair employment legislation through the election of public officials who will represent the whole people."

This southern support for the FEPC may have been surprising to individuals in the rest of the nation, but it did not surprise the SCHW. In fact, it proved once more the operating thesis of the Southern Conference—that the Bilbos and McKellars and Byrds do not represent the mind of the South; that the old device of crying "white supremacy" is no longer an effective political instrument. It has not kept white southern workers from joining their fellow Negro workers to build powerful labor unions. It did not save the political necks of "Cotton Ed" Smith, Eugene Talmadge, Bob Reynolds, and Martin Dies, to name but a few.

"The simple thesis which I want to expound," said Mark Ethridge, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal in his speech, "The Hope of the South," before the Georgia Academy of Political and Social Sciences, "is that the southern

reactionary Senators are ignoring or violating the will of the people as already expressed. . . . In no primary and in no election in the South last year (1944) in which the New Deal was the issue, did it lose." Mr. Ethridge documented his claim in detail, as does Professor William Carleton of the University of Florida in his article in the current Virginia Quarterly Review, called, "The Conservative South—A Political Myth."

Two of the many recent instances which bear out our belief in southern liberalism are these:

Fifty of the leading editors and writers of the South, men of real distinction, representing the South's topflight daily newspapers, gathered in Atlanta, Georgia, to discuss voting restrictions in the 13 southern states. Though the meeting, initiated by the Southern Conference, was called as a fact-finding group, there was unanimous condemnation by those present of every bar that keeps the southern people, Negro and white, from the polls. The group formed the Committee of Editors and Writers of the South, which published the result of the meeting.

Unprecedented as this meeting was, the second instance is even more striking. Shortly before the San Francisco Conference, a group of southern students officially representing 50 campuses hastily assembled to send their spokesmen to the UNO meeting. These students were in no sense picked "liberals." They were picked instead by the presidents of their colleges, leading colleges in the South. Two-thirds of them were white, one-third Negro. They decided at their meeting in Chapel Hill to form a permanent organization, and elected as their president a brilliant young chemist from Fisk University!

But perhaps the best proof of the New South is the existence and strength of

the schwa itself. The Southern Conference has over 6,000 members in the South today—active members, who are leaders in their churches, their unions, and their communities.

The Southern Conference was organized in 1938 as a response to the President's Report on Economic Conditions in the South, which characterized the 13 southern states as the nation's "Number One Economic Problem." Over twelve hundred Southerners gathered in Birmingham to meet this challenge—to work for the improvement of the social, economic, and cultural conditions so startlingly revealed in President Roosevelt's report.

Gunnar Myrdal, who was present, tells in his *American Dilemma* that he "had a feeling that the real importance of this meeting was that here for the first time in the history of the region, since the era of the American Revolution, the lonely southern liberals met in great numbers—actually more than twelve hundred—coming from all states and joined by their colleagues in Washington; and that they, in this new and unique adventure, experienced a foretaste of the freedom and power which large-scale political organization and concerted action give."

The program which the Southern Conference adopted was splendid. The question was, how to get it enacted in a South in which less than thirty per cent of the potential voters actually were able to vote. The Conference as its first point of attack, therefore, went to work to abolish the poll tax, first great barrier to the ballot.

"Abolish the poll tax" is a familiar slogan now. But in those days, very few people outside the South had ever heard of the poll tax, while southern people assumed, just naturally, that everybody everywhere had always had to pay it. It was the Southern Conference that went

to Washington, went to work there, got a federal anti-poll-tax bill introduced in Congress; told the world about the price tag on the ballot; united a broad group of national organizations to help work for the bill's passage. The bill passed the House of Representatives twice by overwhelming majorities; it is so close to passage in the Senate that the poll-tax Senators do not dare permit it to be brought to a vote.

From the beginning, Dr. Frank P. Graham, President of the University of North Carolina, has been in the forefront of Southern Conference leadership. He is now its honorary president.

President is Dr. Clark Howell Foreman. Dr. Foreman was born in Atlanta, Georgia, where his grandfather edited the Atlanta Constitution. Foreman believes it was a lynching he saw during his undergraduate days at the University of Georgia that made him conscious of the dire problems around him. While he was studying at the London School of Economics, he learned what to do about it. He came back home and went to work. His subsequent career included educational work in the South, under the Phelps-Stokes Fund and the Julius Rosenwald Fund. In 1933, he became adviser on race problems to Secretary Ickes; in 1935, director of the Power Division of the Public Works Administration; in 1940, director of Defense Housing for the Federal Works Agency. After teaching at Black Mountain College for a period, he has been devoting his full time to the Southern Conference.

Secretary of the Conference is Tarleton Collier, one of the editors of the Louisville Courier-Journal and a distinguished writer. Treasurer is Dr. Alva W. Taylor, former professor of religion at Vanderbilt University, who has put his social ethics to work in service to the common people of the South, especially

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in the east Tennessee mountains. Vice-Presidents are Paul Christopher, Director of the CIO-PAC in the Southeast; Roscoe Dungee, Editor of the Black Dispatch, Oklahoma City; Mrs. Clifford Durr, Vice-Chairman of the National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax, Virginia; Bishop Paul B. Kern of the Methodist Church; William Mitch, President, District 20, United Mine Workers, Alabama; and Hollis V. Reid, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Tennessee.

Its Executive Board, all southern leaders, includes Dr. W. W. Alexander, Vice-President of the Rosenwald Fund; Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, President, National Council of Negro Women; Louis Burnham, Southern Negro Youth Congress; Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, President, Sedalia Institute; John P. Davis; Helen Fuller, Washington Correspondent, The New Republic; Rev. F. Clyde Helms; Dr. Charles S. Johnson, Director, Department of Social Sciences, Fisk University; Roy R. Lawrence, Regional Director, Textile Workers Union of America; Lucy R. Mason, Public Relations Representative, CIO; George S. Mitchell, Southern Regional Council; A. T. Mollegan, Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Virginia; Mortimer May, May Hosiery Mills; Dr. F. D. Patterson, President, Tuskegee Institute; M. C. Plunk, Chairman, Gulf States Federation, Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, AF of L; Frank Prohl, Chairman, Southern Conference of Teamsters, AF of L; Dr. Ira De A. Reid, Chairman, Department of Social Sciences, Atlanta University; Lillian E. Smith; and Rev. John B. Thompson.

The main office of the Southern Conference—its educational and research center—is in Nashville, Tennessee. Here the work of the six other offices is co-ordinated. Here are the headquarters of the

Southern Conference Educational Fund. Here its bulletin, the Southern Patriot, is published monthly by the Conference. Here too are written and distributed its many other publications.

"For Your Children, Too" is the title of one of the most successful pamphlets of the Conference. It is a message, largely in picture form, to the southern people about labor unions, their aim and work, in terms of what they have done for children. The Conference has also distributed 100,000 copies of the comic-strip presentation of "There Are No Master Races"; 60,000 reprints of Governor Arnall of Georgia's article in Colliers, "Revolution Down South"; 50,000 copies of the War Department's Army orientation discussion, "Fascism"; 150,000 copies of an exposé of the fascist Christian American Association; etc. Emphasis has been put on exposing all forms of intolerance, particularly anti-Semitism, and exposing the groups spreading these fascist-minded ideas in the South.

The Conference maintains a legislative office in Washington, D.C., and a New York headquarters, whose main job is to try to reclaim for the southern people a tiny percentage of the wealth drained from them to the financial center of the nation. But the front-line offices are in the southern states—Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. These are action offices—they concentrate on making heard the voice of the "silent South."

Campaigns to secure the maximum number of registered voters for the 1946 elections have been occupying their chief attention for the past several months. The campaign of the Committee for Alabama to increase the state's electorate must have been successful, if this story from the Montgomery Advertiser is any indication: "Throngs crowded the office of the Montgomery County Board of Reg-

istrars Monday, in fact the largest one-day crowd in the history of the Board. In many store windows in Montgomery and in the daily newspapers and over the radio, notices have called the attention of would-be voters to the registration deadline February 1. The cards in the store windows and on telephone poles were signed 'Committee for Alabama.' Thousands have attended registration rallies in Georgia, where Negroes are being mobilized to vote for the first time in primary elections.

These state offices also organize popular pressure on their representatives in Washington on the vital issues of the day. They act too on state issues. Last year when the measure to abolish the poll tax, and a particularly vicious anti-labor measure were before the Georgia legislature, the Committee for Georgia rolled up its sleeves. When the fight was over, the Chairman of the Georgia State Industrial Union Council wired the schrw: "Especial credit is due the Committee for Georgia for its effective and untiring work in rallying statewide press and general public for poll-tax repeal and defeat of this anti-labor amendment. No agency has made a more outstanding contribution. Georgia members of Congress of Industrial Organizations deeply appreciate this fine work for democracy in Georgia and wish to pledge their wholehearted support to the Southern Conference and Committee for Georgia."

The state committees—and it is hoped financial resources will permit their organization in each of the southern states—have also begun to organize city and college chapters of the Southern Conference, and have issued their own monthly bulletins and publications, outstanding among which has been "Your Part in Georgia Politics," a 24-page booklet being used in schools, colleges, libraries, unions, and church and civic groups. The

executive secretaries of these state committees include a former YWCA leader; a former researcher for Walter Lippmann, Business Week and the UOPWA-CIO; a young woman formerly an executive in the War Manpower Commission; and two young war veterans, one of whom was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, the Purple Heart, and seven battle stars.

The Southern Conference raises its budget through grants from funds and foundations, donations from unions, the sale of its publications, membership fees, but mainly from individual contributions, large and small, mostly small. An organization of, by, and for the southern people, the Conference would prefer to get all of its income from the South. But the poverty-stricken South, whose per capita income in 1943 was \$666 compared to \$1031 in the nation as a whole, cannot afford to bear the entire burden. The Southern Conference therefore appeals to its friends in the nation as a whole for sustenance and support.

There are, of course, plenty of reasons why the nation should be interested in the work of the Southern Conference: the southern Congressmen act as a brake on the nation's progress to security. Every urgent reconversion measure has met their virtually unanimous and successful opposition. Hatchet-man in the fight against the full-employment bill was Manasco of Alabama. Daughton of North Carolina led the fight against the unemployment compensation bill. All but 6 of the 26 southern Senators participated in the filibuster against the FEPC. Ellender of Louisiana did the job on minimum-wage legislation. The nation can never move forward as long as these men retain their positions of power. Also the Jim Crow South discredits America before the world. Our international prestige will forever be sullied until real democracy is achieved

YOU DO TAKE IT WITH YOU

throughout the nation. Most fearful of all, the South is the breeding ground for American fascism. Remember Columbia. Remember the Klan, which only recently burned five crosses in Birmingham, Alabama, as a warning to Negroes to stay away from the polls. Let it warn America as well. Fascism is contagious.

One measure of the success of the work of the Southern Conference is the enemies it makes. We are proud of Bilbo's characterization of us: "If I were called upon to name the Number One Enemy of the South today, it would be the Southern Conference for Human Welfare."

The Southern Conference is, we think, making a great contribution in exposing the fascist groups and in building a new

and democratic South. Our only regret is that we cannot do more, that there are not committees in every city and state to fight the battles for better living standards, for justice, for equality.

Executive Secretary of the Southern Conference, James A. Dombrowski was born in Tampa, Florida. A Rosenwald Fellow and a Fellow of the National Council on Religion in Higher Education, he is a graduate of Emory University in Georgia and of Union Theological Seminary, and has his Ph.D. from Columbia. He contributes to the Nation, New Republic, American Scholar, and other magazines.

YOU DO TAKE IT WITH YOU

ROBERT LOWENSTEIN

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip is a crowded troop transport, especially after you get off it, stateside. It's a last-minute reminder to most men, if they need it, that you can't beat the pinstripe way of life. The Army way may be all right, but make mine civilian.

More than that, the transport offers the perhaps unique opportunity to get a complete picture of what kind of mental baggage the GI is bringing back with him. Your ship carries a pretty good cross-section of our national melting pot. The men have come out of different backgrounds, and are returning with different experiences in different branches of the service in different theatres. You hear enough of the most varied items to fill a five-foot shelf all by yourself. But on ship-board most of it comes in at the bow and out the stern.

Then, after you're a civilian a while and come up against the ballooning cost of living, the housing shortage, the mounting tensions on the domestic and international scenes, a lot of that talk comes back to you. You suddenly realize that through it ran a deep channel of hatred toward foreign peoples. You remember the expressions: filthy Ayrabs, dirty Eyeties, stingy Limeys, snotty Frogs. They were the beads on a four-letter thread of conversation that sewed almost all other peoples up tight in sacks and labeled dumb, depraved, deceitful, dirty, demanding. Sewed up tight, to be buried at sea. And good riddance. For the men talking that way were washing their hands of the rest of the world.

Home again, you see the race and religion baiters, the isolationists and the nationalists disrupting the nation; and the

shipboard talk comes back to you vividly. You recall it with dismay. For that talk reeks of a hatred for others which can be manipulated against effective American participation in the establishment of a democratic world order.

II

An alarming proportion of our men returning from overseas talk that way. If it were hatred of fascism, of that cold-blooded colossal plot to enslave the world, it would be healthful. It would mean that our soldiers had learned to recognize its sources, manifestations, and objectives; that they appreciate the essential urgency of the unity of all the people of the world who fought fascism. It would mean that our best manhood was coming home to participate in the formulation of a post-war world dedicated to the liberation of all peoples and their defense from oppression. Our men would step ashore determined to "cultivate their gardens" in the best sense—to uproot the destructive weeds of racism, anti-Semitism, nationalism, the subtle and overt persecution of minorities.

Yes, if it were such a hatred, it would be a fine thing. But it is sickeningly true that too many veterans are full of hatred for those very people with whom we were allied in a common cause. And where it is not positive hatred, it is often no more than lordly condescension.

We should be a nation particularly aware and appreciative of the various peoples and cultures which have enriched the lifeblood of our country. If such were the case, we would fare better in our international relations. However, many of us have little regard for the peoples abroad before we meet them, and less after. The GI overseas measures people by a health and cleanliness standard denied fully a quarter of our own population, even

though we were not stripped to skin, bone, and nerve as were other nations in the war. He demands that everything be done his way, for people who can't speak English must have some loose marbles in their heads. Seeing others calling on us for help, he stamps them as backward and "inferior."

Even most of those whose specific duties overseas require an understanding of the people, their language, the background of the current situation there, are ill-equipped and unwilling to make the necessary effort to acquire that understanding. Not caring, for the most part, to find out what makes that people tick, we are unable to perceive their accomplishments against terrific odds.

Whatever the manuals say, on almost every level among our military, morale is a matter of conveniences and comforts, rarely a thing of the spirit. Likewise on almost every level, effective struggle must assume stereotyped vast proportions before we take it into our strategic calculations. Consequently, most of us could not appreciate the extensive role of the various resistance movements. Do we sufficiently credit the French and Italians themselves for the swiftness with which we entered Paris and Milan? Do our troops that have come in contact with the Yugoslav partisans look upon them differently than the redcoats did on Washington's "rabble" army? Does our behavior in Italy reflect the understanding that the ease with which Mussolini was toppled over, compared to Hitler, derives in large measure from the popular refusal to swallow fascism?

It can be asserted that by and large the American Army sees little or nothing to respect and admire in the war-torn countries it has entered. (The GI tours stirred interest of a different nature.) A notorious exception, Nazi Germany, proves the rule; not so much among the troops that

fought them as among the occupation forces. These come in to a Germany that lived for years on the blood and the marrow of Europe. The Nazis are in much better physical condition than their victims. Evidences of pomp still abound: well-dressed women, neat homes, sturdy kids, night clubs, solid citizens. Our occupation and rear echelon troops don't equate those things with Belsen and Dachau. They unblinkingly proceed to the conclusion that Nazis are superior; some even wonder that we were ever able to defeat them. The dogface who's fought them is shocked to see them dashing around town in a Volkswagen, or getting more deference, as prisoners of war, than allied civilians working for us.

This feeling that the Nazi is superior has led to some amazing practices in the application of our policy in Germany. It is not enough to correct those practices. We must overhaul our attitudes. We must realize that the Nazi has been taking many of us in like country cousins because his sense of superiority and the superiority we ourselves feel toward foreign peoples are kindred. We must ponder on the perils of that kinship.

Many of us will admit that it is wrong to strut around the world like Roman conquerors, judging and condemning it by a chromium-finish standard. Yet too few of us realize that the intolerance and the hatred we feel arise from factors so diabolically used by the Nazis to enslave mankind to the "master race." The factors of prejudice and discrimination are not something "foreign," injected into our men when they go overseas, like a shot. They exist among us here at home. They are brought into the Army and carried with us. They affect our reactions to other peoples and situations. In too many instances they appear to others as a "foreign" importation from democratic America.

That is not, of course, the whole picture of the GI in other lands. One must also record the friendliness, the generosity, the simplicity and genuineness that are so truly American. That record has been superbly pictured for us by the Ernie Pyles; but they did not pick up the trail and read the signs of our undemocratic prejudices. The lordliness with which we tread the earth cannot be the product of a universal perversion of non-American humanity, bereft of redeeming qualities. The scorn and contempt for the wretched victims of age-long and recent oppression arise from a distorted notion of what constitutes the greatness of our country: the progress of the common man. Many Americans have so far forgotten their democratic heritage that they hate and blame the victims of poverty and ignorance.

It is because race prejudice exists so widely and deeply at home that our troops stigmatize the entire native population of North Africa with the term "Ayab." Because of that we move all through the CBI with a shuddering contempt for all non-whites. Because of that we "Flip" aside the Filipino and condemn the Hawaiian Islanders with the name "Gooks." These terms are not just examples of jocular GI slang. They reveal an attitude of racial superiority which inevitably leads to explosions of resentment, such as the recent race riots in Honolulu and Calcutta.

There's nothing funny about the way we brush off the entire Italian nation as "Guineas." It seems that the farther a people deviate from the Hitlerian "Aryan" myth the harsher is our judgment of them. We brand them with those terms as we would cattle.

The overseas explosions of resentment reflect the racial bigotry which is nurtured at home, resulting in stormtroop attacks on Negro, Mexican, and Filipino youths in Los Angeles, Dixie lynchings, Detroit race riots, and the hounding of

loyal Japanese Americans in the West.

The very fact of the war has shed light for many peoples on the meaning of our principles and ideals; but while many of them are learning to plant and nurture those principles and ideals, many of us are forgetting them. We still know the words, but more and more only as pickled laboratory relics. Like muscles, they must be kept active, put to use, or they wither away. The body politic invigorates every limb and organ with democratic activity, or it sickens and succumbs to internal rotteness. What we so grandly prescribe for others we need ourselves. We need it both for our internal welfare and for the health of our relations with the rest of the world.

III

Though the GI takes homegrown prejudices overseas with him, they are conditioned by Army life; and it is proper to consider the Army's role in that regard. The Army preserves a caste system repugnant to the ordinary American. It lags behind and resists progressive development. It is guilty of many injustices to citizens entrusted to it on the basis of equality. It practices a number of types of segregation. Yet to saddle the Army with the onus for the racial attitudes of men in uniform would be demagogic. It must be remembered that the Army, though resistant to popular control, is ultimately just another agency of public policy. It may be harder to get the kind of Army you want than the kind of Congress you want, but you can get it eventually. The Army is a reflection of the degree of civilization attained by the nation. The problem of discrimination is a national, not a military one. Its solution will be found by the people, not by a specialized and abstracted part of them. Once found, it will be diffused and applied in all such parts and agencies through the popular

will, with a more determined and persistent effort to make it effective in the Army.

The civilian character of our Army in this war made it more democratic than it was before, than it's been since earlier days. That character showed itself, among other ways, in the unprecedented effort to keep the men informed of issues and developments. The Information and Education Branch issued a wealth of pamphlets, posters, maps, and general information for distribution and organized discussion in all units. Some of it was superb material on the nature of fascism, our allies, race prejudice, minority rights, labor's contribution to the war effort, the UNO, and a host of other vital subjects.

These efforts bore negligible fruit. Whose fault was that? It is true that high-ranking officers too often tossed the material aside as so much eyewash, that lower echelons frequently designated as unit I&E officers men who had neither the qualifications nor the interest for the job. Yet many of them strove earnestly to put their material across. The fact must also be registered that only a small proportion of the enlisted men showed interest in serious reading, learning, discussion. Still, we cannot account for the failure of the program until we place it against the background from which our Army comes. The lack of interest, the reluctance to come to grips with fundamental problems, stem from our desensitization as a nation to the urgency of those problems.

Accustomed to living with and tolerating the vicious language, methods, and practices that undermine our national welfare, we became indifferent, then callous, and finally contemptuous of the striving of other peoples to attain practical democracy. Some peoples have learned through the utter havoc of this war how catastrophic racism, prejudice, oppression of minorities can be; but have we? We

still permit the Rankins, the Bilbos, the Gerald L. K. Smiths, the O'Donnells and Coughlinites to jeopardize the national welfare by clogging our arteries with the poisons of prejudice. Where but on our own West Coast, where for years the Hearst press cultivated the virus of racism, could the outstanding heroic Nisei come home from a costly victory over fascism only to become its defenseless victims?

Now, the GI was given every opportunity to appreciate the Nisei; and it is safe to say that no veteran participates in their current persecution. But how about the Negro soldier? Hardly. The Army policy of segregation, while not the source of prejudice, operates as an incubating factor. Keep any groups apart and without real contact, yet near enough to be constantly aware of each other, and you are bound to promote reciprocal fear and hatred. The professional hate-makers know that and are setting up fraudulent veterans' organizations to snare the homecoming GI faced with insecurity. Just blame it on labor or the Jews, but above all blame it on the upstart Negro, especially the Negro who perceived certain vistas of freedom from discrimination abroad.

Segregation has wrought great harm, particularly among types like the Iowa farmboy who never lived, went to school, worked, or soldiered with Negroes, yet can be heard to expostulate: "Not that I have anything against them personally, but I just don't trust them." In the Army, and out, the Iowa farmboy is in effect the victim of the "bigger lie," beamed at him with increasing frequency and amplification.

What is so disturbing about prejudice is that it does not remain suspended and localized in a vacuum. If it is not destroyed it spreads. What appears to be a state of quiescence can in fact be a state of imperceptible advance in the propagation and unconscious acceptance of the

lies and distortions that cleave people asunder. When the ordinary American, civilian or military, is constantly subjected to unchecked racist ranting, some of it is bound to stick. When he notes the regular immunity of lynch law, he unwittingly accords it a status of legality. When crime is presented to him as a racial phenomenon, he accepts bogeymen as factual beings. In short, as long as the breeders of hate are tolerated, are not energetically rejected and outlawed by the social body, he takes it for granted that there must be social justification for their utterances and actions.

The redundant lie technique to render minds credulous is not a discovery of one Adolf Hitler. He only formulated it openly and gave it a scope which our native fascists would now encompass.

Segregation encourages take-it-for-granted thinking. Mixed units are too rare to shake that kind of thinking; and so are 99th Fighter Squadrons. Yet the Army has given some illustrations of the insubstantial basis for the very policy of segregation it generally follows. For example, the great volume of troop movements stateside from Naples makes it practically impossible to segregate white from colored soldiers. Consequently the Army will of necessity, and perhaps partly through someone's conviction that it is workable, house, feed, and process indiscriminately all troops sent to the 7th Replacement Depot for shipment home.

There are soldiers, of course, who would not choose to share their tents with colored men; but an Army order forces them to experience a situation which they would never put to the test as civilians. The fact that troops are processed together does not cover the situation entirely. All men reporting in to the 7th Replacement Depot are fully aware of their "casual" status. That is a nondescript status, which strips men clean of any privileges they had pre-

viously enjoyed in the service. All are in the same boat, with nothing to foster a sense of superiority in anyone. And, where there is privilege for no one, none expects it. He feels rather that he is just another man in uniform with a shipment number, with so many feet of ship space allotted to get him home. That's just what the next man is, no more, no less. All are equal; and all know it. All accept it as the natural and proper order of things.

It can safely be said that over a period of many months there has been no real disturbance recorded at the 7th Replacement Depot. This involves thousands of troops, mind you, war-weary, impatient, on edge. And nothing happened.

Take another example, a sequel to the first. Place these same men on board ship in the same way, and the behavior pattern remains the same. There will be plenty of griping, to be sure, but it is directed solely against the officers, who enjoy privileges flaunted in the face of all the enlisted men. Among the men themselves there is no falling-out.

Segregate the men on board ship, however, and a coolness, a tense suspicion and mounting dread are engendered. Forbid men who are scheduled to board the ship because they are colored, and you raise up a wall of demarcation, difference, fear, and hatred.

IV

As long as people are herded into the isolation of visible or invisible jungles, ghettos, Chinese Walls, native quarters, distinct areas, the whole nation experiences organic disorders in all its parts. Remoteness of the outcropping of the disorder is only a matter of time. Any local or regional expression of discrimination addresses itself to ever-widening areas in order to strengthen itself and thereby justify itself. If you but shut your eyes to it, you become accustomed to it; and ulti-

mately you accept it without an ethical quiver. The crippling tentacles of discrimination meet fewer and fewer St. Georges as they spread throughout the land. Have we really heeded Lincoln's anguished warning that the nation could not survive half-slave, half-free?

If we have, could we permit restricted housing areas, the futuristic school zoning that neatly excludes Negroes from good schools, the quota system employed by so many colleges, Jim Crow, the poll tax, the dismemberment of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, the repetition and amplification of Hitlerian lies?

Our international relations, as well as our internal health, are affected by the infection of prejudice. It leads us to the acceptance of white imperialism, to the point where we are not horrified by the strangulation of Indonesia's struggle for independence. We don't credit "inferior" races with sufficient ability to decide their own fate; and conversely we credit ourselves with the exclusive divinity that doth hedge a king. In fact, many a GI has gone forth and acted out the part of lord and master of all he surveyed. He's surveyed a lot in the past few years. And in too many a duffel bag prejudice was standard equipment.

Is it any wonder that almost everywhere our men have left a smarting resentment of our racist superiority, of our withering scorn for the downtrodden and the weakened? In our roaring vehicles we made targets of pedestrians on city streets. We despised the plain people, the gaunt fighters who had been with us in the struggle, while we took readily to the sleek fascist hypocrites, collaborators, and Black Marketeers. Thereby we diminished confidence and brought consternation to the valiant patriots striving to salvage their country and redeem it from the fascist scourge. More, we implanted a quizzical suspicion of us when we introduced Jim

Crow where it was in effect unknown before, despite Hitler's mythology.

There is much disheartening and disheartened talk these days of losing the peace, of having already lost it. That's plain nonsense. The peace is neither lost nor won—yet. One thing is sure: the way of the hater is infallibly sure to lose it. The way of the hater is the way of the isolationist, who is just a slicker variant of the breed. A disquieting proportion of our soldiers are coming home determined to damn the rest of the world. They hate other peoples because the seeds of that hatred were sown in them here at home and prevented them from appreciating the positive upsurge of humanity. They saw the all too common fruits of discrimination and oppression, and remained blind to the determined effort to change all that. Their prejudices gave them blind sight.

So cocksure of that were the racists and isolationists over three years ago that the Gerald L. K. Smiths, the Christian Fronters and Mobilizers confidently predicted that things would be "different" when the boys got home. Today they are trying to entice veterans into organizations that will work against peace. The mighty Wehrmacht is no more, to be sure; but are there not many Americans returning with blackness in their hearts? They can be fed the bigger lie to account for all the difficulties they encounter at home. They can be inflamed to provide our native stormtroopers.

For the isolationist manipulates hatred as a tool of policy. He seizes upon and incites every prejudice. He wants us to withdraw from the united effort to attain universal peace and progress. He would have us damn the world. But he would fill us with hatred and disgust for the rest of the world only in order to justify collaring and enchaining it in the name of the "American Century."

The peace can still be won. To win it requires a valiant individual and collective effort to conquer prejudice and discrimination among ourselves first. Right here at home is the battleground where the issue is fought out. If we tolerate the preaching or practice of hatred, we share in the guilt for weakening Americanism. If we put up with the poll tax, lynching, zoning lines, and residential restrictions; if we countenance splitting the young into distinct groups; if we allow the FEPC to be slaughtered for burial in forty-eight pieces; if we don't demand the real thing, instead of the mockery of full employment; then we are letting democracy die. Not just in some other place or person we read about in the papers, but in ourselves. And if it dies in us, who will translate into reality the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, the inscription on the Statue of Liberty? And can we then expect our youth to be miraculously transformed, simply by donning the uniform, into a democratic force in the world?

The way we live at home sets the pattern for the way we live in the world community. Our attitudes toward other peoples and theirs toward us are the two faces of the same medallion. In this critical moment, the fate of the world in large part depends on us. Our ultimate strength lies more in our principles and ideals than in our material power. An America cleansing itself of the destructive hatreds rampant today is a tremendously potent force for world peace.

Robert Lowenstein, a Johns Hopkins Ph.D. in Romance Languages, teaches French in the Newark, New Jersey, secondary schools. He served in North Africa, Italy, and Yugoslavia for sixteen months with the Air Transport Command.

TODAY'S FOREIGNER—TOMORROW'S ANCESTOR

OLIVER TWIN

THIS is the story of an American who came to this country 318 years after the *Mayflower*. He has no forefathers here. He himself is a forefather—the ancestor of a future generation. Some day his descendants will say: “Our forefather immigrated during the Great War—in the dark modern times just prior to the Atomic Era.” They will be as proud of him as everybody is proud of his forefather. They won’t speak of him as a “refugee,” just as today the Cabots do not speak of the Pilgrims as “refugees.”

But today not everything is as good as it will be in three hundred years. Our friend’s contemporaries don’t show him the reverence which should be accorded a future forefather. Every time he opens his mouth a heavy accent pops out, and people ask where he is from. They mean well, but our friend is touchy on this subject. He should have no reason to feel that way. He’s from Vienna, and Vienna is popular in this country. Americans still remember Strauss rather than Hitler, and they see the Danube still blue, not red from the blood of Hitler’s victims. But, then, people inquire how long our friend has been in this country? Since 1938? Oh—then he is a refugee?

This annoys him. After all, he took his citizenship examination last year and was sworn in. He knows the three ways a bill can become law, the twenty-one amendments, that all men are created equal. He knows also that a naturalized citizen can hold any office except the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

But knowledge of the Constitution doesn’t make one an American. That much our friend has realized. There is more to it, much more. He goes to baseball games, reads the comics, listens to the radio programs, commercials and all. He is a master of the spelling bee. He is able to spell “desiccated” forward and “nature’s” backward. On Thanksgiving Day he eats turkey and on Hallowe’en he hides his face behind a mask and tries to frighten the wits out of his neighbor. And since he has been told that “free enterprise” is “the American Way,” he is for it, lock, stock, and barrel.

But still he isn’t an American. Not only in the eyes of the DAR, but in his own. He doesn’t belong yet. He hasn’t taken root.

That leaves the \$64 question: when does a recent immigrant cease being a refugee and start becoming an American?

Here is the answer: when one day his three-year-old child comes home from the nursery and says, “Daddy, sing ‘Baa baa, black sheep’!”

Daddy has never heard “Baa baa, black sheep.” But he can’t admit it. He can’t disillusion the child. He says, “You sing it.”

Baby sings something which doesn’t make sense to Daddy at all. And every day baby comes home with another song. One day it is “Pop goes the weasel”; the next, “Jack and Jill.” He is unhappy to see his own child live in a world where he himself is a foreigner. He goes and buys *Fifty Favorite Nursery Songs*. He prac-

KEI-LAN

tices them on the piano while baby is at the nursery. He learns them by heart although they don't seem to make much sense. But baby's eyes light up when Daddy, one day, joins in:

Hickory, dickory dock!

The Mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one—

The Mouse ran down. . .

Hickory, dickory dock!

Once in a while he recognizes a tune from his own childhood. "Trot, trot, trot! Trot, my pony, trot!" used to be "Hopp, hopp, hopp! Pferdchen, lauf Galopp!" It is like meeting an old Viennese acquaintance, who—to his surprise—talks English.

But singing with baby is not everything. Baby learns games in the nursery and expects Daddy to play them at home. They're not difficult. Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake. Now clap, Daddy. First your hands, then mine. Easy, see.

When he sits at home on the floor next to his three-year-old and takes the little fingers and says, "This little pig went to market," then sometimes he starts thinking:

"That is how my child is growing up.

An American child. Not because the law says so, but because he goes to an American school. He grows up an American. And I will be with him when he goes from elementary school through high school. I will take part in his games. I will do his homework with him. Not so much to help him as to learn from him. Today I am, like my child, a baby-American. But just as my child grows up to become a grown-up American, I will become an American, too. For my child—and through my child—I will cease being a 'foreigner.'"

So the American who came to this country 318 years after the *Mayflower* and who has no forefathers here, is a forefather himself. A modest beginning of his future ancestry has already been made.

Oliver Twin is the American pen name of a writing team of two young immigrants from Vienna, where they were noted essayists and short story writers under the pen name of Peter Fabrizius. During the war they wrote cultural and documentary shortwave radio commentaries for the Office of War Information.

KEI-LAN

M. H. CONSTABLE

The missionaries came

And gave me God.

I was at school

Copying the paragraphs and the indices

As the young do.

They said He saw

Each small offence and breach of brotherhood:

COMMON GROUND

One must not push or brawl (but that I knew from home)
Nor lip at lust;
They showed
Far towers and pearly domes
Beyond a river and the hurried boat
An angel piloted.

When I put on the chi'i-paa, they decreed
(For war was in my land) that I should learn
What things are better in America.
As student, I brought prestige to our house.
My father gained esteem—and creditors.

America. And here are no more missionaries.
Here I am star ambassador and clown.
At teas, they want to know what Madame Chiang is doing
And ask, at last, were my feet ever bound?

I am adopted by the elder ladies
Who take me home and feel concern for me
With parents far away and letter-less so long;
Professors' wives commiserate; their men
Flatter at teas the little Chinese girl.

Classes are strange, but there is one blond boy
Who helps with difficult words and props my muddled mind
Upon his strong one; under flowering trees
We learn new studies and those things one reads
In old romances, which are better in America.

The elder ladies come
To make me wise.
They never dreamed I should presume so far
On alien status and their hospitality.
For my own good they come to speak and save.

I feel their soft, ringed hands and see no fists.

I go to teas
Showing my gratitude in flattery
And quaint Chinese wit.

M. H. Constable is a free lance writer whose poem "Nisei, Nisei" appeared in the Spring 1946 issue of CG.

MARIA

PEGGY POND CHURCH

HER whole name is Maria Luz Ofélia García. In her own way of putting it, she has eight years. She will be nine in December. She and I both live in adobe houses in the village of Ranchos de Taos. Maria's stands near the Talpa road. The mother ditch runs close to it, and all along the ditch Maria's father has planted aspen trees. Most of the native dooryards are bare of trees. Sometimes there is a little orchard, or a cottonwood or two that grows of itself. Aspens are mountain trees. I knew that Maria's father must have brought them in his wagon from many miles away and planted them for the sake of their beauty only, something few of the Spanish American people have time or enterprise to do.

Maria said to me yesterday, "My father is a farmer. Is Mr. Church a farmer?"

"No," I told her, "he is a teacher."

Maria shook her dark head in sympathy and said, "I would rather be a farmer than a teacher. A teacher has to work so hard."

"But I thought a farmer had to work very hard too," I told her.

"Yes," she said slowly, "but sometimes he does not have to work."

I have never seen José García when he was not working. Days at a time he is away in his fields, ploughing, planting, irrigating, cutting and hauling the hay. His barn is mounded with hay; three huge stacks stand beside the barn. In the winter time he and his half-grown son are always throwing down hay from the top of the stacks to feed the beasts, the two

strong horses, the dozen head of cattle, the small flock of shoving sheep. Chickens and turkeys feed themselves on the gleanings. In the few weeks of the year when the farm is dormant, José García repairs his home, or helps build another room on one of his many sisters' houses. The men of this valley have little time to lean against a warm, sunlit wall in traditional Spanish American repose. The growing season is too short, the rains too stubborn. Food and fuel to last through the stern winters must be dragged from the soil through wind and drought and cloudburst by endless persistence, and, even so, there is food and fuel enough only to feed one's own beasts and one's own household. Rarely is there enough of anything to sell for cash.

Yesterday Maria said as casually as though announcing that her shoestring had come untied, "We are broke." It did not seem to be a source of worry to her; it was just a statement of fact, like saying, "My father has brown eyes." With her the possession of money, not its lack, would be the event to be exclaimed over. Yet Maria's Sunday clothes, gay as the Montgomery Ward catalog from which they came, seem far more trim and stylish than my own. Today she came, bringing me a summer squash, wearing a poke bonnet of blue felt ornamented with an appliqué of red flowers under which her brown eyes sparkled.

She never comes without a gift. The first time it was a jar of cherries; later bags of plums from her own trees. When I

first knew her it was November, and she began promising me cherries almost before we knew each other's names. I am never able to escape from her debt. To give, even a handful of old newspapers, to Maria is like casting one's bread upon the waters and having it return in the form of loaves and fishes enough to feed the five thousand.

Maria passes my house every day on her way to school. On her way home she often stops to help me. Her greatest delight is to wash my dishes; if she finds me cooking she waits greedily for each spoon or bowl I can manage to dirty for her. The kitchen sink is always her big amazement. To turn a little handle and produce either hot or cold water or a mixture of both never ceases to fill her with wonder. If there are no dishes, she is forever washing her hands, and the number of times she is capable of using the toilet in one afternoon is phenomenal. In Maria's house all the water for drinking and for washing must be brought in buckets from the ditch, and her toilet is an outdoor privy that opens upon the most beautiful mountain in New Mexico and upon all the winds that sweep down from that mountain. Her house is lighted by kerosene lamps, and when she first discovered my electric lights she spent hours turning them on and off. It bewildered her at first to find that in some of them one got light by turning a knob, in others by pressing a button, in the rest by pulling a little chain. The sense of wonder is enormous in Maria. When I see my house through her eyes, it becomes a house of magic, and all the mechanical devices I take for granted shine with the aura of the supernatural.

Maria says to me gravely as she runs the water from the magic faucets, "Most of the children play all day after school. But I would rather work than play." So keen is the quality of her imagination that all

work is play to her. Yet she cannot wash the dishes long at a time. She must follow me with a towel in one hand and a dripping spoon in the other to see what I am doing. She is filled with compassion because I sleep all alone in my big bed. "Someday I will come and sleep with you," she says comfortingly. At home, in Maria's house, I have seen only two beds, and I have never found out how the family of seven distributes itself among them. Maria has at least both her sisters to companion her at night. What seems to me luxury, to have a room of one's own, seems to Maria the height of desolation.

"I love you so much," she says wistfully. "I wish I could be your daughter. I wish I had been born instead of one of your boys." The other day she was following me with a dustpan while I swept. "I am your sister, your sister," she whispered over and over again as though she were saying it to herself. She thinks it sad that her mother has three daughters while I have none. That I have three sons still leaves the daughter's place vacant, and Maria, though she loves her own family dearly, still ponders about the accident of birth which allows no one to choose into what household she will be born. I, who am daughterless, have seldom coveted another's child as much as I often covet Maria Luz Ofélia García. She is kin to me in many ways in which my practical, literal-minded, Anglo-Saxon sons are not. Yet the gulf between us is enormous.

Maria is only just learning to speak my language. This is her third year in school, and she is still confused about her genders. The "he" of her stories often turns out surprisingly to have been an aunt, while the "she" of another tale becomes, at its end, the local priest. "Maria," I tell her chidingly, "you should not call the Father 'she' unless he is a lady!" She laughs gayly at the very idea and goes on as before. This lends her conversation a

MARIA

twist of mystery and surprise. Yet I, who have had many years in school, cannot do half as well by Maria's language. Not only aunts and uncles have gender in Spanish but all the other nouns as well, and how grotesque my conversation must sound when I cannot remember that the knife and fork are "he's" while the spoons are



"she's." But at least I can read Maria's language, which is something she herself cannot do. She has learned to read and to write and to count only in English. She cannot count in her language as far as

she can in mine, for she has never been taught the Spanish names for her numbers. She teaches me to count in Spanish as far as fifty, and from there I must teach her. She is confused about the days and the dates of the week and the month. Time flows by for her unmarked except by the feasts of the church and the celebrations of the school year. Just now she is looking forward to Christmas as though it were the day after tomorrow. The day after Christmas she will begin making ready for St. Valentine. As soon as she has counted her valentines she will begin to think of Easter.

Last year she made her first Holy Communion on the Sunday after Easter. Dressed up as stiffly as a cardboard angel in her white veil and dress and shoes and long stockings, she knelt with a dozen other little girls at the rail of the old mission church in Ranchos. The sad and faded hand-painted images of the saints looked down on her; the almost life-sized wooden Christ upon an ancient cross, robed modestly in long petticoats; the immaculately modern, doll-like statue of the Virgin, so lily-pale, so startlingly blond above all the dark-haired, dark-eyed congregation.

Little more than a decade after the American colonies had declared their independence of England, the Spanish padres were building their mission church in the lonely valley of Ranchos de Taos. As it stood then, so it stands now, its tall buttressed adobe structure still plastered yearly by the loving hands of the women of the parish. The church and the school are the centers of Maria's existence, and from them, as from two deep springs, she feeds the sense of poetry and adventure that is born in her.

At school, she tells me, she learns the names of the birds and the flowers. I ask her to tell me some of them. She lists for me her favorites—the oriole, the bob-

COMMON GROUND

white, the arbutus, the Dutchman's pipe. I am puzzled, because these are the fauna and the flora of New England. I have never heard a bob-white here. No one in New Mexico has ever seen arbutus. Then I remember that her text books have probably been written by New Englanders, and that the sisters, her teachers, have been trained in eastern schools. Strange circumstance of our universal education that presents us all, no matter what our origin, with a Puritan New England background, and that begins all our histories with the landing of the Pilgrims! Maria may never go to school long enough to learn the history of her own beginning: the emigration of her forefathers from Spain through Mexico and up along the Rio Grande artery and its tiny capillary streams to the wild pagan wilderness of New Mexico.

My forefathers followed so different a route to the eastern side of these Rocky Mountains—from Massachusetts through New York state, into Minnesota; thence to Arkansas; and from Arkansas to the Mora River which feeds the Canadian, which feeds the Mississippi. Now Maria and I are neighbors. She says we are more than that, that we are sisters. We are rooted in the same seasons, and it is our adjustment, our adaptation to these seasons, that most thoroughly makes us one. We rejoice together when the leaves of her aspen trees are "making yellow" and when the mountain willows beside her

ditch unfurl their catkins. We wave to each other when each sweeps the snow from her dooryard in winter. We share the fruits and the flowers of our gardens, and are glad when the rain falls that makes them grow, and when the early and late frosts postpone their coming. Maria shares my holidays, the birthday of George Washington and Lincoln, July the fourth. I share her holy days, the feast of St. Francis, the Penitente processions before Easter, the little fires on Christmas Eve that light the Christ child on His visit to all these mountain villages.

Outwardly our lives are far apart. Deep down, in our common hungers, they are very close.

*Peggy Pond Church was born in New Mexico and has spent most of her life there. She lives now in Ranchos de Taos, reputed to be the oldest settlement in the Taos valley with the exception of the Indian Pueblo. Though an increasing number of Anglo-American families are moving into Ranchos, her neighbors for the most part are Spanish Americans. Two books of Mrs. Church's poems have been published by Writers' Editions at the Rydal Press in Santa Fe, and a third, to be called *Ultimatum for Man*, will be published this summer by Stanford University.*

The illustration is by Bernadine Custer.

A HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR ALL PEOPLES

L. HUMPHREY WALZ

SECOND Presbyterian Church in New York City had shared its sanctuary with Congregation B'rith Sholom for some years, and the neighborhood had come to think of their relationship as quite normal, but the amateur photographer, out scouting for striking views to add to his collection, stopped short with surprise as he read the notices on the two glass bulletin boards in front of our building. The sign on one directed people to the east door and the stairway down to the Christian service at which the great industrialist-evangelist, Robert G. LeTourneau, was to give his testimony; the other called the public's attention to the Jewish Yom Kippur service to be held at the same time in the main auditorium.

As he was bringing his camera into focus on this strange sight, Mr. Jacob Klein, secretary of Congregation B'rith Sholom, stepped out and suggested: "If you're intrigued by the signs, you'll be even more interested if you come in and follow the Psalmist's advice."

"What's that?" asked the photographer, bewildered.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," he replied.

Leading him inside, he introduced him to Mr. John Noble MacLean, a deacon in the Second Presbyterian Church, who was sharing with Mr. Klein and others the task of directing traffic to prevent confusion on that particular occasion when the schedules of the two congregations overlapped.

"What is this anyway?" he asked, as

Jews and Christians milled past them in the narthex.

"Oh, we might call it a fulfillment of prophecy," grinned the genial Scotsman, with a twinkle in his friendly eyes, and then, to relieve the stranger's obvious perplexity, he added, "the prophecy that, 'Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all peoples.'"

"That's from Isaiah," Mr. Klein chimed in.

"Yes," said Mr. MacLean, "and the New Testament writers considered it important enough to quote three times in the Gospels. Now, just look in quietly at the Jewish service in progress. That ark where the cantor and rabbi are taking out the Old Testament scrolls is portable. Tomorrow you will see a communion table in its place and, where the seven-branched candlesticks are glowing now, you will find our Christian antependia embroidered with the Alpha and Omega and the IHS upon them."

"That will have to go in my album, too," said the visitor. "One photograph of each arrangement. I'll be back some day soon with flash bulbs," and he left whistling happily.

Not everyone rejoiced, however, at the thought of Americans of different faiths dwelling together in unity. One night in 1938 an anonymous letter was slipped under the door which so many Jews and Christians had entered for worship. It carried a threat to both congregations. It is not unusual to have cranks write black-hand notes to a pastor or a congregation,

but the inclusion of both groups and the ominous opening words, "Wir Nazional-sozialisten" ("We Nazis"), indicated that something more than a mere crank was involved.

"We need no Jewish Bible, no Jewish Jehovah, no Jewish Jesus," it went on. "First we get you, Jewish scum, and then you, you *gottverdammte evangelische schweinehunde*," this last choice expression apparently being the rather involved Nazi way of saying "Presbyterians!"

The letter was read to both congregations and, instead of instilling fear as its inditers unquestionably had hoped, it removed the last vestige of doubt that the joint experiment was important and was beginning to have a real influence.

Credit for initiative for the use of the one building by two congregations of differing faiths goes to Rabbi Gabriel Schulman, who founded Congregation B'rith Sholom in the facilities of the Rutgers Club, trusting that, when the time came to seek ampler quarters, there would be some Christian church which would share his dream of a united religious stand in the face of intolerance. The name chosen by the congregation put the stamp of approval on the idea, for B'rith Sholom means "covenant of peace."

Interfaith co-operation was not new to Dr. Schulman. During his term of service as rabbi of Temple Emanu-El in Yonkers, he preached in Protestant pulpits of every local denomination. When he dedicated the new edifice of the Park Avenue Synagogue in New York, he welcomed Bishop Manning of the Episcopal Church to a prominent part in the ceremonies. He had given lectures on the relation of the Old Testament to the New, of modern Judaism to Christianity, and had done much else to encourage mutual understanding and goodwill.

When the time was ripe for the more

intimate venture, he brought his thoughts to the attention of the pastor and officers of the Second Presbyterian Church, to which the idea of friendliness between faiths was no novelty either. Back in Colonial times, its Scottish founders had chosen the Hebrew language in which to emblazon the motto of the Church of Scotland in gold letters on a black stone tablet for passersby to see. When the Revolutionary War left their building in disrepair, the cost of restoration was met by neighbors as well as members, and Jewish names appear in the carefully preserved list of donors. Even the New Testament chapter chosen for the dominant stained-glass window in our first uptown edifice was St. John IV, in which Jesus, talking to the Samaritan woman, tells her: "We know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews."

It was in Dr. Robert Watson's pastorate that the Jews settling in our neighborhood became so numerous that clearer understanding of their heritage was necessary for congregation as well as minister, and he devoted a whole season's series of Sunday evening sermons to the expounding of Hebrew religious life from early Bible times to the present. An opportunity for practicing the goodwill he preached came shortly afterwards when Temple Israel, during the year of construction of its fine new edifice, worshipped in our Church and used the manse as a parish house.

The new venture Dr. Schulman proposed was therefore greeted with enthusiasm by many of our members, particularly the young people, who had been having wonderful "round robin" sociability and discussions with the synagogues and churches of the neighborhood.

There were some experienced folk, however, whose reaction was one of caution. They reminded us of incidents which might have made trouble when Temple Israel used our facilities, had it

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not been for the unusually fine spirit of that congregation. For instance, one Saturday morning when Rabbi Louis Newman was addressing his congregation in our sanctuary, his coat was stolen. Instead of blaming us Presbyterians for our carelessness, he called attention to the fact that at that service, for the only time in his life, he had accidentally omitted "Thou shalt not steal" from the recitation of the Commandments, and suggested good-naturedly that his loss was a quite proper retribution! Suppose the members and officers of B'rith Sholom lacked such humility and humor if equally unpleasant accidents occurred. Would there not be a loss instead of a gain for interfaith harmony?

Enthusiasm and caution were brought at last to a proper blend with a decision to go ahead on an experimental basis, with future plans depending on the outcome. We are happy to testify that, without compromising our divergent principles, we have found enough power in our common loyalty to our country, our God, and our Old Testament to overcome any obstacles to friendly co-operation.

Let a single problem and its solution speak for that part of our collaboration. In the third year of our fellowship, Rosh Hash-Shonah occurred on a Sunday morning. Resolving the clash with our regular worship service was not a matter for elders and pastor only. The democratic Presbyterian form of government demanded the voice of the congregation. Suggestions were made for staggering abbreviated services, for having a joint service, or for turning the sanctuary over entirely to our Jewish brethren that morning. Since Rosh Hash-Shonah is as important to the Jews as Easter to the Christians, the last suggestion was voted unanimously. The officers of B'rith Sholom reciprocated with an invitation to our people to attend their service.

Such a spirit on both sides became steadily more spontaneous as both congregations discovered, often to their surprise, the extent of our common ground. At the beginning of our association, both Dr. Schulman and I stressed the fact that atonement derives from the two words at one, and at his Atonement Eve service, with members of our church as guests, I was invited to preach a sermonette and read a Hebrew meditation. At our Presbyterian service the Sunday following, attended by some of his congregation as well as our own, I preached on the Christian Doctrine of the Atonement and Dr. Schulman read the atonement prayer from his service book.

In addition to such reciprocity, which is now taken as a regular matter of course, there have been joint services on special occasions. Even in emergencies, like the President's death and the victory in Europe, prompt responses have come from both congregations. The Roosevelt memorial service was led by Dr. Schulman, the V-E Day one by me, with both sharing in the preparation. At such services, and on other occasions as well, we pronounce the Mosaic Benediction, line by line, with Dr. Schulman giving the Hebrew version and myself the English, alternately: "The Lord bless you . . . and grant you peace."

Occasionally, the shadow of death has provided opportunity for bringing out the resources of comfort from both faiths. Once a member of my congregation died very suddenly. His wife and in-laws were all Jewish and wished the consolation of a rabbi at the funeral. Dr. Schulman and I worked out a service in which I used the Presbyterian ritual from the words, "*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,*" through, "*He that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.*" At that appropriate point, he continued with the Jewish rite. Many unchurched people present, both Jew and Gentile, said they

were cured then and there of the erroneous belief that religion necessarily creates a divisive spirit.

The death of Deacon MacLean was a shattering blow to our church. He was beloved as "Uncle Jack" to servicemen from all over the world who attended the Thistle Canteen in our library and gymnasium. Hostesses from both congregations and from the Scottish societies which shared the operation of the canteen were desolate. Servicemen and others wishing to pay their respects were so numerous that two separate services had to be held to accommodate all his friends and admirers. At one of these I spoke the words of tribute to his life of self-sacrificing faith; at the other it was Dr. Schulman who stood before the guard of honor of soldiers and sailors of our war-time allies and pled the cause of the unity of faith and of nations, labor for which had hastened "Uncle Jack's" untimely end. An out-of-town businessman who attended told the bereaved family that he had never liked Jews, though he had never really known any! "But after that service," he concluded, "there'll be no jibes or wisecracks against them from me."

Happier occasions have also had their happy results. Our church's 185th anniversary was jointly celebrated on the day of the Purim festival. If our friends learned much of our history on that occasion it was certainly reciprocal, for never before had we realized the power of Jewish laughter in their history in shattering the might of their ancient enemies. Hitler was then in power and they told jokes about him. If more people had seen how ridiculous was his arrogance, I doubt that he ever would have been able to secure a following.

Our laymen occasionally share the pulpit, too. Once, on Lincoln's Birthday, tribute was paid to the martyred president before a combined congregation by

members of both groups. Elder Crawford Kennedy, who arranged our Laymen's Sunday service this year, felt that it would be incomplete without a member of B'rith Sholom, and Daniel Riesner, their former president, accepted the invitation to speak on "Responsible Citizenship" as one of the four five-minute sermonettes.

Organized collaboration in war-work, forums, etc. has followed a natural pattern, but the thing that pleases the rabbi and the minister most is the spontaneous way in which individuals of one congregation offer their talents for the benefit of the other. For tax tangles Second Church need only ask the services of one volunteer in the ranks of B'rith Sholom to have them unravelled without charge. Another of their membership provides us with all the latest motion picture equipment we need and only complains that we don't call upon him often enough. When we put on a benefit concert at Town Hall, their whole board of trustees appointed themselves a committee for the promotion of ticket sales. And I should consider myself uniquely blessed if every member on our rolls were as enthusiastic a promoter of Second Church as is Mrs. Harvey Gardner, who belongs to B'rith Sholom!

While I'm handing out bouquets to *their* laymen, I might give just one to ours. When Dr. Schulman was critically ill in Mount Sinai Hospital, "get-well" cards, flowers, and offers of blood donations poured in from his Presbyterian colleagues. And let me add that our choristers have been as ready to sing for his services as his choir members have for ours.

Extra special bouquets should be added for those two staff members who serve both congregations and therefore bear more than others the burden of responsibility for harmonious integration. Mrs. Belle Moore Kay, music director, has made an intensive study of the religious resources of all music, including the secular,

but has concentrated hardest on Protestant and Jewish music. She has been able to give each choir a deep appreciation of the traditions of the other. In addition, she has been studiously alert to life and thought within present-day Judaism and seldom fails as a complete interpreter in situations requiring specialized understanding.

Mr. William MacDowall, sexton, makes co-operation easier by his own special brand of puckish humor. He contributes to the support of both congregations to prove, he avers, that Scots aren't "Scotch." He attends all services of both congregations and has bought a special black hat to wear at the Jewish worship. He says that visitors invariably take him for a Jew when thus attired, and wonders audibly if that doesn't prove that the British are descended from the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel!

But, rather than amplify with further details, let me sum up by reminding you of the joke about the two Scotsmen and the Jew who went to a "free" lecture together. To their consternation a collection plate was passed. Without a word of consultation, the Jew fainted and the Scotsmen carried him out!

That's an old, old chestnut, but when it is told, as it often is, by members of both congregations, it bespeaks the naturalness with which both groups find it easy to co-operate in the face of any emergency, foreseen or unforeseen.

The fruits of informed goodwill within the congregation seem to have had a considerable influence beyond the bounds of our local fellowship. Let two instances suffice:

In our canteen an estimated 218,000 British boys received hospitality. A large number of them had seen and read things which gave the false impression that

Americans, while divided in many ways, were united in an attitude of unfriendliness toward our British allies. (The things we do unconsciously to enhance such impressions among visitors from overseas might well be a subject for special and earnest study and self-examination.) We have been very happy to learn, however, from many of them now far away that when they found Christians and Jews, native and foreign-born, young and old, united in friendship to extend them hospitality, they were exhilarated by their new impression of America and have spread this truer view far and wide.

My closing story comes from James Sutherland, our church's faithful Aberdonian treasurer. It was back when the San Francisco Conference had just been proposed. Mr. Sutherland quite accidentally overheard a conversation between two men on the subject of the proposed United Nations Organization. One was vehemently skeptical that people from divergent backgrounds and beliefs could ever function together in unity. The other was equally vigorous on the opposite side. For a while the latter argued theoretically, and then he got down to cases: "Do you know," he asked, "what's going on up on West Ninety-sixth Street? Well, up there . . ."

Yes—you've guessed it—he was telling the story of Congregation B'rith Sholom and Second Presbyterian Church.

The Reverend L. Humphrey Walz holds degrees from Amherst College, Oxford University, and Union Theological Seminary, and has been pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church since 1937. He is also vice-moderator of the Presbytery of New York.

INVITATION TO VERMONT

A. RITCHIE LOW

THE walls that now keep Negroes and whites apart are so high common folk have no chance to visit over the fence. The thing that needs to be tackled, I kept saying to myself, is the tearing down of these walls. Only when this is done will the colored man have the opportunity to get together with his white neighbor and get acquainted.

How could I, an obscure country minister, help bring this about? Had I been pastor of an influential parish in one of our large cities, it wouldn't have been so difficult. Money, power, leaders to help, these are apt to be much closer at hand on Fifth Avenue than on Main Street. But men who minister at the crossroads learn early in life not to think of opportunities in terms of difficulties, but to look upon difficulties in terms of opportunities. Because a fellow can't do everything, it doesn't mean, by a long shot, that he can't do anything.

So, as I went about my work, I kept going over in my mind what could be done to put race relations on a friendly Christian basis. Any project I undertook had to be simple, inexpensive, helpful, and easy to carry out. Suddenly one day, out of a clear sky, the answer came. And when it came, it was so simple the wonder is I hadn't thought of it before. When visiting Dr. Adam Clayton Powell's Abyssinian Church in Harlem the year before, I remembered seeing hundreds and hundreds of colored children with bright, eager faces. Why not arrange to bring some of them up to the hills of Vermont,

using them as messengers of goodwill, ambassadors of a new venture in race relations, heralds of a new and better day? Vermonters, I felt sure, would gladly welcome them.

Excitedly, I went out to the kitchen to get my wife's reaction. "I've got it," I said: "I've got it! I've got it!" A stranger might have thought something had come over me. Well, something had! She thought it was a grand idea. That night and the next day, we talked things over, discussed how many children we'd invite, how long and with whom they would stay. There were many other details involved, many other questions to take up, but right then, we both agreed, the first thing to do was to get in touch with New York to find out if they'd co-operate. Everything depended on that.

I wrote Dr. Adam Clayton Powell and explained what I had in mind. My proposition, I said, was this. If he would have a member of his staff select seventy-five boys and girls, nine to twelve years of age, pay their railroad fares to and from Burlington, and send two women in charge of the group, on my part I'd assume responsibility for finding them white homes to live in. They'd come for a two-week period, and room and board would be free. Every boy and girl would come as a guest and in the interests of interracial friendship.

Dr. Powell's church, Abyssinian, is one of the largest and best organized in all Protestantism. With over 10,000 members, Abyssinian has adult classes, an

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athletic association, a co-operative workshop, a department of music, a day nursery, credit union, medical board, girls clubs, planned recreation, employment bureau, and a home for its aged members. When Dr. Powell read out the notices for the week, the next Sunday, he said he had had a letter from a country minister up in northern Vermont inviting Abyssinian Church to send some of its children to the Green Mountains on a goodwill vacation. He'd been turning over the idea in his mind, he told his huge congregation, and liked it. "I am handing this project over to Miss Gwendolyn Jones, the church school director, to carry out in behalf of the parish and she can feel free to choose her own assistants," he said. "I want you to tell me, Miss Jones, from time to time how you're coming along. If there is anything I can do to help, don't hesitate to call on me."

It didn't take her long to set the ball rolling. She called a meeting of the church school council, talked things over, and within a few days a committee made up of some of the leading members of the church was organized and ready to get to work.

Mrs. Laura B. Thomas was assigned to become chairman of the project, and others named to work with her included Mrs. Anna Newsome, Mrs. Arline Jefferson, Mr. Quitman Scott (because of his work with the records of the church school), Olivia Pearl Stokes, Ruth Reynolds, Mrs. Anna Perry, and Mrs. Isabelle Powell. The latter two volunteered to raise the funds to defray expenses, train fares, clothing, doctors' examinations, etc. Bertha Len Lee and Rosita Simons, two experienced social workers, also offered their services, as did Mrs. Julia Showery, expert in arts and crafts.

Word about the invitation to Vermont was announced several Sundays, and soon one hundred and fifty youngsters were

registered by their parents. Every Sunday after church, the committee, parents, and children would hold a meeting, talk things over. Since only seventy-five were invited, it became necessary to choose from those registered the ones who were to make the trip.

Why seventy-five, I've been asked. The answer is no particular reason except that this seemed a reasonable number for the first year. When the letter was written and dropped in the mail box, I didn't know where I could place seven youngsters, let alone seventy-five. I suppose the more cautious approach would have been to promise to accept only as many children as we could find homes for, but that isn't my way of tackling a project. You have to have faith in faith and even when you have it, of what use is it unless you invest it, put it to work?

Co-operation from Harlem being assured, the next thing was to find homes for the boys and girls.

I wrote up news stories and sent them to daily and weekly newspapers circulating in our section of northern Vermont: the Burlington Daily News, Burlington Free Press, the Suburban List, St. Albans Daily Messenger, Newport Daily Express, Richford Journal-Gazette, and the Morrisville News and Citizen.

Seventy-five Negro youngsters were to arrive from New York City on such and such a date, the story read, and readers who'd like to entertain one or two of them should get in touch with A. Ritchie Low, Johnson.

This was no pleading, begging write-up. I didn't ask, "Will you please help out by doing your bit in a goodwill project?" On the contrary, the news release stated this was to be a most unusual experiment; it had never been done before. Vermonters, to be sure, had in previous years taken into their homes youngsters who came

under the auspices of some fresh air fund. This was different.

These were not underprivileged boys and girls in the usual sense of the word. They were coming as representatives of the thirteen million colored people of America. They were coming as friends, as ambassadors of goodwill. They were coming to the Green Mountains so that we might get to know them and, through them, their race.

Never before, continued the write-up, had any such adventure in race relations been presented to the citizens of Vermont. Only seventy-five children were coming, remember, read the concluding paragraph, and those interested would be well advised to write in without delay for more particulars.

This approach was the right one. It worked. The story hadn't been long off the press when my 'phone rang. It was Aura Richards, who keeps a country store a mile or so up the road from me.

"That you, Ritchie? This is Aura talkin'. I've just been readin' the papers about those little colored youngsters you're bringin' to town and I want you to put me down for one."

This was more than I had expected. I reminded her she was pretty well along in years, hadn't had any children running around her place for a long, long time. It was awfully nice of her to want to take one of the youngsters, but with her store and her housekeeping and all the other things she had to do, it seemed to me, I said, she had about all she could 'tend to.

Aura Richards is over seventy-five years old, has taken care of herself these many years, and is a match for any man in a discussion of this sort.

"That may all be so, Deacon," came her reply over the party line, "and I appreciate your thinking of me, but you just do as I say. Put me down for a little girl, a little colored girl about nine years old."

Having said this, she put down the receiver. When I put mine down, I went to my little black book and made the notation: Aura Richards—little girl, nine years old. The little black-headed youngster, Ruby Long, who was later assigned to her, proved to be one of the most popular kids in the entire party and she and her elderly hostess got deeply attached to one another. But I mustn't get ahead of my story.

The following days were exciting. "Well," I'd say to Mrs. Low when she went down to the post office to get the mail, "I wonder what luck we'll have today." Always she'd come back with two, three, and sometimes four and five letters. "Looks pretty good," she'd say, and I'd busy myself opening them. Quickly I'd glance through each to learn whether it was an inquirer about our project. Almost invariably it was.

One of the first applications came from Mrs. C. C. Phillips, Irasburg, Vermont. She and her husband live on a farm just off the main highway. "I have seen your article in the papers about the colored children," wrote Mrs. Phillips, "and I like the project first rate and want to help. Do you suppose, Mr. Low, that I could have two brothers, or a brother and a sister? I have a boy of my own, nine years old. He heard his dad and me talk about it and he'd like to have some come very much."

I slit open the next envelope. It was from Mrs. Clayton Duckless, who lives in Newport, a small city on the Canadian border. She told me she'd had two youngsters stay with her the previous summer; she enjoyed them, was good to them, arranged parties for them; and if only I'd send a little Negro child, preferably a girl, she'd promise she'd give her a grand time. "We have no drinking in our home," she added.

Mrs. L. L. Jones was another who wrote. She lives in Eden, a town nine

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miles from Johnson. A boy about twelve would be what she'd want, she said.

There aren't many colored people in Vermont, fewer than four hundred in the whole state. There is a small colony in Burlington, our largest city, who work in the mills, on the railroads, and do odd jobs around town. They are a hard-working, highly respected group. They were keenly interested in the project, and one of them, Mrs. Juanita Satchell, who lives on Intervale Avenue, Burlington, wrote me. Could I, would I, send a boy or two? If I didn't have a boy, Mrs. Satchell said, then send a girl. But be sure to send someone!

Certain of my fellow pastors gave the project fine support. The Rev. George Pomfrey of Richford, one of Vermont's best-known Baptist ministers, wrote saying that he too had been talking a lot about race relations; he'd taken offerings to help the colored people down South and done something in the way of helping hard-pressed Negro schools at various times. This, however, was the first opportunity to do something besides give and pray. Would I please see to it that ten of the seventy-five children coming from Harlem were sent to his parish? He didn't know just where he'd put them all, with whom they'd stay, but these were details that could be worked out later.

Then there was the Rev. Warren P. Waldo of Bakersfield. "We'd like to have six here in Bakersfield," a card from him read. The same mail brought a second card from a farm family, the Arthur Langdells, in Cambridge. "We'll take a Negro boy for two weeks if there is any left," it read. The Rev. Doris Hartman of Waterville wrote asking how she could help.

I ran into Mrs. Grant Barker of Richmond. She had been talking with Mrs. Arthur Packard. Had I learned that Mrs. Packard would take one or two children? No, I replied, but it was good news. I'd

see Mrs. Packard was put down on our list.

The Rev. Louis Turner, once a missionary in India and now one of our successful rural ministers in Williston, sent in the name of the Charles Pillsburys. He wanted to know about train time, when the children were to be distributed and by whom. And so it went on for days at a time.

While all this was happening up in Vermont, things were also stirring in Harlem. Boys and girls were being signed up, physical examinations arranged, talks given the youngsters telling about our hill country, its people, customs, what to expect when they got up here. The talks were suggestive, helpful and practical, and the older young people found the information very useful when they reached Vermont.

While the invitations kept coming at a fairly steady pace, I took nothing for granted. I sent news items to the papers once or twice a week and always gave the names of those who already had volunteered to entertain. In rural sections names count. These releases brought in still more letters.

Even so, when we had about reached the fifty mark and were on the home stretch, so to speak, the pace slackened. Fewer applications came in, and pretty soon the letters were reduced to a trickle. Those who know me will tell you I'm not one to get easily discouraged, but even I, with the coming of the seventy-five youngsters but three weeks or so away, began to get a bit apprehensive. I even wrote to Gwendolyn Jones in New York and intimated it might be a good idea if she'd go slow on signing up more youngsters.

Then two lucky breaks came. One was an invitation to address the Rotary Club in Montpelier. It was suggested I tell about my experiences in Harlem the year

before—I had visited there for ten strenuous and eye-opening days the year before, had lived with a Negro family, and had been talking about it before groups everywhere—and I gave them the works. The question period that followed the talk was one of the liveliest of all my experience. Two Southerners, one from Virginia and one from Mississippi, helped make it go. It was lively, but it was also friendly and we all enjoyed the spirited give-and-take.

In the Tavern lobby after the meeting, Charlie Crane, the National Life's enterprising publicist, author of *Let Me Show You Vermont* and *Vermont in Winter*, suggested I go over to his office and make an electrical transcription. The National Life Insurance Company puts on a fifteen-minute broadcast each morning and has a large audience.

The idea appealed to me. I suggested that Charlie Crane interview me about Harlem, but emphasize the coming of the Negro children. Fine, said Charlie, he'd be glad to do that. This way we reached many thousands of people who up to then probably knew very little about the plan, despite all that had been said and written up.

The second break was an invitation to address a men's club up in Troy, a small town in Orleans County. The local church is unique in that it is served by two young women, both of whom also minister to two other nearby country churches. If all women ministers were of the calibre of Lillian Gregory and Dortha Weaver, much less would be heard in opposition to ordaining women.

I told a story or two and then launched into my subject. I told the men, most of them farmers, about the plight of the colored man in modern America. The latest refugee, I said, got a squarer deal than the Negroes of our fair land, especially those whose homes are in the deep South

and whose people have been in this country for hundreds of years.

A refugee, after a while, can become naturalized, vote, and live in any section of the average community, get a job, marry, settle down, and live a wholesome, normal life. Not so the Negro, I pointed out. Even here in the North, I said, a colored man encounters segregation and discrimination; even in normal times he is sometimes unable to find a job because of the limitations imposed upon him because of race, is regarded as a second-class citizen.

The Negro isn't a problem to be solved, I told my farmer audience; the Negro is a human being to be understood and appreciated. Being Vermonters, I was quite sure that when they saluted the flag and said, "with liberty and justice for all," they included all the millions of colored people in America. Wasn't this so? All over the hall they were nodding heads in assent. Of course it was so!

I talked for about a half hour and sat down. "Anybody got any questions for Ritchie Low?" asked the chairman. For a while no one spoke. Then an old-timer rose to his feet. His shoulders were stooped, his voice trembled, and his fingers on the edge of the table were knobby and gnarled; he'd done a lot of hard work in his day.

"What I want to ask, Mr. Chairman, is this. What are we going to do about all these things we've been hearing tonight? I've been hearing about them since I was knee-high to a grasshopper and so have some of the rest of you. I like how our brother has presented his case and I think he's telling us the truth, but I would like to know what he has to offer." Then he sat down.

The chairman looked over at me as much as to say, "Go ahead." I rose, put my chair to one side. "Mr. Chairman," I began, "this friend has asked a fair ques-

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tion and he deserves an answer. May I take three minutes to tell him about a project I think he and the others here would be interested to learn about?"

He nodded his head, "Yes," said he, "go right ahead."

So I told about the coming of the seventy-five children from Harlem, how their coming could help increase understanding between the whites and blacks of America. I said this was no "fresh-air" project; it was a venture in goodwill, a plan to create a friendlier atmosphere, an attempt to break down barriers and prejudices.

Taking one or two colored boys and girls into one's home was, I readily granted, a drop in the bucket, but it was a beginning. If Vermonters did it and others did it, perhaps the idea of the two races getting better acquainted would grow, and a better and more Christian America come as a result. At least, I went on, it was a plan worth the trying. I never talked to a more responsive group. As a result of this visit, no fewer than sixteen children went to Westfield, Troy, and nearby towns. Before I left the hall that night more names were jotted down in my little black book. I felt greatly encouraged.

Next morning a letter came from Harlem. It was from Gwendolyn Jones. I had hinted in a note to her, you will remember, that there was a possibility we might not reach our quota, that perhaps she'd better go easy signing up any more young people. When I mailed this letter, around fifty had been placed. But you can't quench the enthusiasm of an energetic person like Gwen Jones. She'd already signed up seventy-five eager and excited boys and girls who were just "rarin'" to start out on the venture.

Within a few days the outlook had vastly improved. Other Vermonters, having heard about our goodwill project over

the radio, sent in inquiries. Some later signed up.

In addition to Vermonters living in other towns, my own neighbors began to inquire for additional information. There was Mrs. Raymond Cooney who lives about a mile from Aura Richards' little country store. Mother of four bright young girls, Mrs. Cooney wanted to know if she couldn't have a little colored girl come to her home. The contact, she thought, would be good for the children.

"I wouldn't have missed the chance for the world," Mrs. Cooney remarked to some of the neighbors after the children had gone back to Harlem. The day the Negro girl packed her grip to leave for home, two of the children cried, they'd become so attached to one another. No race problem in that home!

Then there was old Bert Newton, who lives up on the Johnson plains. Bert, an old-timer, eighty-four years old, was in the mood to take someone, he let it be known. But first, he explained, he'd have to talk to Olive about it. Olive Lowell, now in her sixties, a motherly, friendly sort of person, was his housekeeper.

"Sure thing," was Olive's verdict after she and Bert had had a chance to talk things over. "Sure thing," she repeated. "I've lived in Massachusetts and met some nice colored people," Olive wanted me to know, "and I think it is a shame the way Negroes are treated in some parts of the United States. Put Bert and me down for a girl, a girl say around ten years old, and we'll do our best by her."

Three miles away lived their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Jed Perkins. Years ago, long before she met Jed, Julia had taught a year or two down South in Georgia and knew something of the limitations under which the colored group live. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and daughter Esther discussed the project over the dinner table and decided to ask one of the children to

stay with them on the farm. For the colored youngsters living in Johnson, the Perkins' farm was one of the most popular places in town. Pictures taken at their place went all over the nation.

While the majority wrote in about entertaining the children, some took no chances on being disappointed and called me up on the 'phone—Mrs. Basil LaFleur of St. Albans, for instance. She'd been reading about the plan in the St. Albans Messenger. Could she have a nice young colored lad sent to her place? I said I thought she could. I asked if she were a Roman Catholic and she replied that she was. That was all right with me, I assured her; I had no objections whatsoever to the boys and girls going to non-Protestant homes, but it must be understood they were to attend some Protestant church Sunday mornings. Mrs. LaFleur said I need have no worry on that score; she'd not only see that the lad had an opportunity to attend his own church, she'd take him there herself!

Another French-Canadian woman, Mrs. Edmond A. Before, read about Vermonters entertaining Negro young people from Harlem. That night, after the house was quiet, Mrs. Before got paper and ink out and sat down and wrote a letter.

"We have read about your plan in the Newport Daily Express," it began, "and we would like to have a little boy about nine years old. We live about three miles out of town and a boy would like it here very much." After an exchange of a letter or two, Mrs. Before's name was jotted down in the little black book. Good thing you wrote in when you did, I told her; you just got in under the wire! Hers was the last invitation to be accepted.

Next day I sat down at the typewriter and wrote Gwen Jones. "We've done it, young friend," I wrote hurriedly and excitedly, "we've done it, we've done it!" We'd reached the seventy-five mark. In

fact, I said, we'd actually gone a little beyond it. No more need to worry on that score. The thing to do now was to go ahead at the Harlem end and make the final plans for the children's coming.

A day or two before the group arrived in Burlington, we had actually received applications for over a hundred youngsters! Publicity had made this possible, news stories in the papers and broadcasts over the air. To avoid disappointment, we found it necessary to send out word that every boy and girl was taken care of, that no more children were available. Next year, however, there would be another opportunity.

Who entertained the youngsters and what kind of homes did they go to? The majority went to middle-class homes. I don't know of a single child entertained by what you'd call a wealthy family. Farm families responded better to the venture than village families, and village families responded better than urban ones. There were reasons for this.

Farm homes are usually much larger than either village or city homes. People living out in the open country have more bedrooms available and are accustomed to feeding extra people. In normal times, it isn't unusual to see outside a Vermont farm house on a Sunday afternoon two to four cars parked in the yard—Sunday company, relatives, friends. Farm women don't get flustered when unexpected company turns up, for in summer there is the garden and in the winter the well-stocked cellar to fall back on.

It was much better for the young Harlemites to be placed on farms and in villages since the quiet, peaceful countryside provided the right contrast to the busy, hustle and bustle atmosphere of New York City. There was also more time to visit, get acquainted, do things that were different.

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Some hostesses wrote in saying they'd take either a boy or a girl, others said it didn't make any difference, a few stipulated they wanted boys, but the majority quite frankly declared they preferred girls. Where there were no children in the home, it was advocated they take two rather than one—this to forestall loneliness and homesickness. Where a boy or girl was all alone, and this happened in a few cases, usually there were other colored children, members of our group, near by. This enabled them to visit back and forth.

The seventy-nine children were located in twenty-two towns, all the way from Shelburne, a suburb of Burlington, to Newport on the Canadian border, a distance of about ninety miles. Ten was the most in any one town, and only one community, Richford, had this many. It wasn't planned this way; it came about as a result of the scattered circulation of the newspapers in which the story of the coming of the youngsters was printed.

Two women from the Abyssinian Church accompanied the party on the train, Mrs. Laura B. Thomas and Mrs. Anna Newsome. They also stayed in Vermont during the entire two weeks. The first year one lived in Westfield, the other in Waterbury Center. In addition, there were counsellors, older young people who could be called on in case of necessity. Each counsellor kept in touch with the youngsters in her neighborhood.

Only one emergency arose. One lad on a farm in Waterville was taken ill and was sent to the hospital, not because he was too ill to be taken care of at home, but just, the doctor advised, as a precaution. He was visited by many interested friends, white and colored, and was one of the most popular patients in the Mary Fletcher Hospital. Later, after the rest had returned to Harlem, his mother came and got him.

Since so many people were involved in the carrying out of this venture in race relations, some last-minute changes were to be expected. A day or two before the arrival of the children, there were one or two cancellations. In one home, for example, a member of the family had been taken suddenly ill and reluctantly, the mother wrote, they'd had to give up the idea of entertaining the lad they'd so looked forward to having with them. The children especially, the letter said, were disappointed, but I would understand.

A farmer wrote in saying it wouldn't be possible to take the little girl who'd been assigned to them. They'd hired a man to help in haying, but now, for some reason or other, he couldn't come, which meant, he went on to explain, that his wife would have to drive the horse rake and do the other light jobs. This meant, the farmer continued, that she'd have little or no time to do her regular housework, and it wouldn't be fair to take a child under such circumstances. I wrote back and said I knew how very disappointed they must be, but there would be another opportunity next year. Children booked for these homes were quickly assigned elsewhere.

Just when I thought everything had been fixed up, every youngster placed, and all plans in readiness for their arrival, a hurried letter came in the mail from Gwendolyn Jones, who had been told by the railroad officials that Saturday, the day the party was to arrive, was a bad one for travel and would we please switch the day to the following Tuesday? Reason? War time, the official said. We'd better plan to co-operate, I wrote back.

This meant a lot of extra work, however. Families had to be notified of the change, the majority by mail, a few by 'phone. I learned later that some received word in the nick of time. Rearranged schedules may not mean much in a city

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of subways and quick transportation facilities, but in rural Vermont, it often means getting someone else to do the chores, planning for a neighbor to pick up the milk for the creamery, and so forth.

When the eventful Tuesday morning rolled around, I headed for the old Union depot in Burlington. As I drove along Route 15, I thought of the youngsters on the train and of how very exciting a day it was going to be for them. I thought of the many people who had worked so hard, both in New York and Vermont, to make the project a success. Today, I said to myself, as my old Pontiac wound its way over the highway leading through Jeffersonville and Underhill and Essex Junction and on to the Queen City, today is going to be a memorable day for many of us, white and colored, a day we are going to remember the rest of our lives. It might even mean, I thought to myself as I mused on these things, a day meaningful in the years ahead not only for our own little state but perhaps for all America!

"Take what you have," George Washington Carver used to tell his students, "and make something of it." That's what our little group had done. None of us was well known, all of us were poor in this world's goods, but we'd taken hold of an

idea and were trying to make something of it.

God, I believed, was pleased.

The Reverend A. Ritchie Low is of Scottish descent and received his early education in Aberdeen, Scotland. In this country he is an alumnus of the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, and of Crozer Theological Seminary. He has been a minister in the Congregational Fellowship in Vermont since 1923 and has served his present pastorate in Johnson, Vermont, since 1932. He is also a newspaper columnist and a contributor to various periodicals.

This account will be one chapter of a book he is writing about his Vermont experiment in race relations. Since he initiated the project, he has been flooded with requests for information as to how he went about it. COMMON GROUND is glad to give the initial technical story here, in the hope that it will touch off other communities to attempt similar work. There are already several other experiments of like nature in full swing.

In the Vermont experiment, 79 children were involved the first year, 1944; 89 in 1945; and 100 are planned for, this summer.

POSTHUMOUS AWARDS

American boys from recent immigrant or old-stock background, from every race and creed and color, fought heroically for America. Sometimes they were not to know again their homes and the country for which they died. In honoring their bravery by the presentation of posthumous awards to their parents, the nation pays tribute to the American homes from which they came.

INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION: UTOPIA OR REALITY

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

INTERCULTURAL education is the shining new hope for resolving the group and race tensions that beset our country. Most ardent in its support are the utopian reformers, the seekers after human perfection, the idealists and uplifters, who believe that all problems, racial and religious, social as well as intellectual, can be solved by educational means if these are properly planned and implemented on a wide enough scale. There are also more moderate adherents of the movement, who see hope in it but not Utopia.

There are still others, men and women of goodwill, who maintain in all seriousness that it would be unwise and ineffective to thrust such controversial questions upon the schools: ineffective, in that prejudice cannot be eradicated by rational appeals alone; unwise, in that it would bring to consciousness and intensify the very feelings of aversion that intercultural education hopes to overcome. Each student, by being exposed to artificial and enforced forums on racial discrimination, would become in time a partisan, and not always on the right side; he might not arrive at the conclusions the teacher was endeavoring to have the class reach. The more the student is challenged and reasoned with and assailed, the more race-conscious he becomes, they argue. The result is a negative if not injurious effect on the minds of the young.

These doubting Thomases have no positive policy, no solution, to offer. All they are sure of is that it is best to preserve the surface calm; the illusion that, in the

schools at least, prejudice and discrimination and racial conflict do not exist. Their motto is simply, "Let sleeping dogs lie." If the roots of prejudice are to be extirpated, it will be done, say they, by extending the teaching of democracy in the classroom, not by devising specific lessons on tolerance and goodwill. Nothing more is needed and nothing more should be attempted. There should be no mention of class or religious or racial differences.

Opposed to both the reformers and the doubters is a powerful group, from the rabid Negro-haters of the South and the persecutors of Mexicans and Orientals in the West to the anti-Semites throughout the United States, solidly united by their belief that the status quo should be preserved. Whatever the degree of emphasis with which the members of this group announce their views, they are convinced for a number of reasons that the racial problem is insoluble. Inequality is a fact rooted in human nature, they say; it is only realistic to acknowledge it openly rather than spout in hypocritical fashion equalitarian doctrines that contradict the elementary laws of biology. The Negro is, of course, inferior in intelligence and ability and that is all there is to it. Whenever he succeeds in scholarship or in one of the arts or sciences, there is sure to be some admixture of white blood in his veins. An expensive education such as is available to the white boy or girl would be wasted on the woolly-headed and mentally deficient Negro. While this group would not go so far as to deprive the

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Negro of all educational facilities, they oppose all talk of educational equality. It would be a waste of time and money and a fraud perpetrated upon the public to cheat the majority of Americans of their cultural heritage by watering down educational fare so that the retarded colored students can assimilate it.

Moreover, their argument runs, the teaching of tolerance and equality in the name of a false "democratic" ideal can only engender unrest; it accentuates the basic causes of conflict by bringing them sharply into the focus of consciousness. The Negro should be kept in his place and not be filled with vainglorious notions of lifting himself above his present level. When that happens, we get brooding dissatisfaction, the insolence that springs from frustration, the violence of race riots, the homicidal fury of Bigger Thomas.

II

These, crudely sketched, are "the facts" in the case. The apostles of intercultural education will have to come to terms with them.

In the present unsettled state of affairs when education for democracy as embodied in the intercultural program is on the defensive, it may seem like an act of treason to offer a few seasoned words of caution. I feel, however, that the utopian mentality that hopes for the quick and complete solution of the race problem in the United States by means of educational panaceas is potentially as dangerous in its illusions as the Negro-hating and Jew-baiting group with their paranoiac projections of guilt. To place on the schools a burden greater than they can possibly bear, to hold out expectations and make promises fantastically out of alignment with the facts, is to risk a failure more disastrous in its social effects than would have been the case if the target had been

brought closer and the aim made more immediately practical and attainable. There are things education can do and there are things it cannot do, as society is now organized.

Anyone who confidently asserts that in the United States education still makes possible vertical mobility in the class structure for all Americans is obviously blind to the social situation as it actually exists. The Negro, for example, is fatally handicapped from the start, especially if he happens to live in the South where most Negro children are not afforded anything comparable to the educational opportunities of white children. A survey of ten southern states disclosed that the amount spent for each colored pupil in 1939-40 was approximately \$17.30 as compared with \$47.00 for each white child. The Negro is thus even worse off than the child of the lowliest white immigrant, who can in time acquire the cultural symbols of his environment, become assimilated, and eventually be accepted as an American. The Negro's high degree of visibility—and this is also true in part of such immigrant groups as Mexicans, Orientals, Filipinos, and Puerto Ricans—keeps him in a subservient caste role, a conspicuous object of discrimination on all levels.

Then how much can be expected of the schools?

After twenty years of experimentation with intercultural teaching projects of various sorts, I am still an active proponent of the work. I still believe in the objectives of intercultural education, even if I question some of the methods used in attaining them and some of the claims made for the work. The movement, however, is still in its infancy. Each year it gains new recruits, added strength, a sharper sense of direction and purpose, an increasingly more effective methodology. The time is ripe for sober stock-taking and

honest criticism. Intercultural education will come of age when, after acknowledging its past mistakes and its failures, it mobilizes all its resources for an all-out offensive against the common enemy. Even so, American society, if it genuinely wishes to solve the problem of race and religious prejudice, cannot remain content with what is accomplished in the schools. As Horace Mann Bond, a Negro educator, declares in *The Education of the Negro in the American Social Order*, we can be sure of at least one thing: "that is the unsoundness of relying upon the school as a cure-all for our ills." There are other important social factors to be considered, other powerful influences in the community that must be put constructively to work.

Intercultural education, even at its best, will probably achieve no more than the stamping out of racial intolerance *within the school*. Even this will come to pass only if the administrative authorities earnestly lend their support to the program and make it publicly known that they will frown upon and, if necessary, sternly punish any infraction of the rules.

Whatever carry-over value classroom intercultural projects may have is problematical. There is a strong temptation for the teacher to misinterpret verbal acquiescence for conversion of the total personality, to mistake silence for assent or approval. The students, however, know what is expected of them and act accordingly. They listen to the sermon that is expounded in such texts as *The Races of Mankind* and in poems and plays and short stories; they are as a rule genuinely interested; this is, after all, a challenging and novel program. But the teaching is for the most part on a lofty intellectual plane; students are breathing a rarefied atmosphere. The mood of exaltation, if it comes, does not last. There are as yet no tested techniques for translating truth

into behavior, insight into practice. How can such a transformation of character take place as the result of a few concentrated lessons on racial tolerance as set forth in print or presented by a few zealous evangelists? How can the ingrained habits of a lifetime be completely changed by an occasional hour devoted to the reading and interpretation of intercultural material? As soon as the students leave the classroom, they revert to form. Watch them as they file out, observe how the molecules, as if drawn by an invisible but nonetheless powerful magnet, gather themselves into clearly defined social fields. The Negro students—and in some schools the Jewish students as well—either remain isolated or are forced into each other's company.

For the problem is social in its roots and ramifications. How much trust, for instance, can colored students place in the promises of intercultural education when, after school is over, the white boys and girls walk to their homes in the better sections of town while they in a solid body return to their shacks or crowded tenements in the segregated Black Belt? Each day they salute the flag and repeat the pledge of allegiance: "one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Some ask bitterly: How much "liberty," how much "justice," do colored people in this country receive? Are they part of the "all," American citizens in fact as well as in name, or is this but a polite manner of speaking, a "democratic" fiction?

The truth they are forced to live contradicts what they are taught in school, and the contradiction makes for frustration and neurotic resentment, to produce a deeper cleavage in their already split personalities. Gunnar Myrdal has pointed out that "White prejudice and discrimination keep the Negro low in standards of living, health, education, manners and morals. This, in its turn, gives support to

white prejudice. White prejudice and Negro standards thus mutually 'cause' each other." It is a vicious circle which can be made to turn in either direction. Interdependence must not be forgotten. When one factor is changed, the whole problem is shifted onto a new plane. But the problem will not, and cannot, be solved by concentrating exclusively on one factor, nor will change be sudden. For there is not merely one basic cause, one powerful obstacle, to be overcome.

Surely it is the duty of the school (say W. Lloyd Warner, Robert J. Havighurst, and Martin B. Loeb in *Who Shall Be Educated?*) "to teach the whites the knowledge we have gained through the sciences about the mental equality of all races; it should teach everyone that the present social inferiority of the Negro is the result of long-continued systematic subordination. The Negro child must be given the same opportunity to acquire an education and fit himself for life as the white child receives." But victory in the schools for educational equality of opportunity, though it may accomplish a great deal, will still not solve the Negro's basic economic problem. The battle for occupational, financial, and social equality still remains to be fought, and the American schools can neither undertake that responsibility nor engage in that fight. Industry and business must learn to apply the theory of equality of opportunity for all Americans, or society negates what intercultural education teaches in the schools.

III

Perhaps the most glaring defect of intercultural education as it functions at present is that it is geared for the most part only to intellectual values. It assumes—an assumption yet to be empirically confirmed—that ignorance is the real barrier, that the truth will set men free, that

the objective facts about race and race prejudice are sufficient automatically to eliminate bias and suspicion and hatred. (A similar assumption lay at the base of the recently proposed fact-finding bill, which had no teeth in it. The light of facts would be cast on a labor dispute and presto! the strike would be settled.) In the light of scientifically established truths, students will be compelled to revise their beliefs and reevaluate their "version of reality." While in the long run—and the long run may take a century or more—such tactics may have precisely this effect, in the immediate present such expectations are foredoomed to failure. The emotional life of the individual is too complex and too contradictory for such simplifications.

To establish these scientific truths, school procedures vary. Often students engage in group discussions. They gather essential facts, they read novels or plays dealing with the character and achievements of various foreign and racial strains, they write essays. Projects are undertaken to show that America is a melting pot, a nation of immigrants. Brotherhood Week and Tolerance Week and American Negro History Week are duly celebrated. Prize contests are held on how to combat intolerance and discrimination. Students are trained in the art of straight thinking; they select current prejudices and superstitions and subject them to logical analysis and the light of facts.

All this is impressive and displays a great deal of varied, constructive activity. But there are limiting factors not always taken into account. The rooted stereotypes of prejudice do not always yield to the power of facts. True, the factual approach does sometimes function effectively on a limited front for a relatively short space of time, and this is all to the good as far as it goes. The prejudiced person may draw in his horns for the time being;

the prejudice may be temporarily inhibited, though it frequently emerges in a new incarnation, masquerades under a new rationalization. Facts, reason, intellectual honesty, objectivity, truth—these are golden virtues which the schools should of course do everything in their power to develop, but it is only the utopian mentality which believes they will in and of themselves, by an irresistible triumph of logic, put an end to prejudice and discrimination. They do make small gains possible, but when expectations are set too high, these modest gains seem in the nature of defeats and the bitterness of disillusionment frequently sets in.

For man is fundamentally irrational in his habits, his desires, his thinking, his emotional life, his dreams, his projections. The persistence of the "reason-stereotype" represents a neurotic compromise, a will to hold the fort against the hosts of darkness, to fight passion with truth, night with day. It is a kind of collective wish-fulfillment, a formal suit of clothes worn at all times to hide the monkey's tail and the devil's horns.

The second cause for defeat is pedagogical in character and may be stated bluntly as follows: Can an attitude of tolerance be taught? Here is a vast and important field for experimentation. Facts can be digested, subject matter can be arranged and presented in coherent sequence, but how can the virtue of brotherhood be taught? Christianity has been "teaching" all the cardinal virtues for almost two thousand years. Perhaps its methods have been wrong, but in the light of all the wars, atrocities, persecutions, hatred, crimes, and conflicts that have ravaged Western civilization, who will maintain that it has been eminently successful in its efforts? The best the intercultural educator can hope for, I think, is that the projects and lessons, the discussions and exercises he recommends,

may possibly have a transfer value, may be applied in other contexts.

There is another consideration which must be mentioned. Many proponents of intercultural education are *unconsciously* guilty, in their very humanitarian zeal, of betraying the white superiority complex of the dominant group in the community. Incessant talk about tolerance and goodwill must rub all intelligent and discerning Negroes the wrong way. Is this an act of charity? Why dwell with unction on the contribution of Negroes, their essentially "decent" character, their intelligence, their ability, as if they were up for trial? Why not reverse the procedure and hold the superstitious, intolerant, ignorant, and bigoted whites guilty of "evil" character, "low" intelligence, tribal anxiety, paranoid personalities? Why sharply differentiate the minority groups—the Negroes, the Jews, the Catholics? Why not use the more inclusive and non-invidious term "Americans"? Language puts a frame around the universe of perceptions, categorizes the world of experience. These concepts influence even the process of thinking, particularly when the individual is unconscious of their presence.

It may be helpful to discuss the implications of an incident as reported by Benjamin Fine. Springfield, Massachusetts, had for the first time experimented with hiring Negro teachers. There were two in the elementary schools and one in the junior high school. The Superintendent had expected to be attacked but instead was praised for his action. There were no complaints, and the tone of the schools after these appointments visibly improved. The Negro students no longer felt mistreated and ceased to behave in an aggressive manner. But why this hullabaloo of rejoicing about the appointment of Negro teachers as a gesture of goodwill, a step toward alleviating racial tension? Why should such appointments be made a sub-

ject for community gratulation? Negroes should be appointed to teaching positions as of right, on the basis of merit, not on a quota system or as a measure of intercultural expediency. The hesitation with which the step was taken, the apprehension, even the cheers and self-righteousness, smack dangerously of prejudice in reverse. The Negroes are still being singled out as a group different, peculiar, apart.

IV

What conclusions are we justified in drawing from all this?

1) It is extremely difficult to teach attitudes, and the sooner we realize this the better. Our illusion of progress, the optimistic belief that a solution is finally in sight, will not then be rudely shattered and result in disenchantment, if not in the poison of cynicism. This does not mean that the present intercultural program should be abandoned. On the contrary, it must be supported in every way possible and implemented on every battlefield of conflict, every area of tension. Even the small advances it can promote are of deep value. What it does mean is the end of the uncritical assumption that young people through lessons on tolerance in the classroom are automatically inoculated against the virus of prejudice and, after they leave school, will continue to manifest attitudes of tolerance and goodwill to all mankind.

2) The schools cannot be expected to shoulder the burden alone or to solve it. Better human relations are essentially a community responsibility, a national problem, a world problem. The schools can set an excellent example of democracy in action by stamping out intolerant attitudes within the confines of the school building; they can convince Negroes, for example, that not all whites are guilty of discrimination or hostility against them;

they can help relieve psychic tension, the pressure of suffering and neurotic resentment that escapes in acts of aggression.

3) The carry-over of values from the classroom to the world outside is not automatic. The educational microcosm does not control the social macrocosm. As a rule, it is the other way around. Education is a lifetime process. There can be no freedom from infection while the social atmosphere is thickly infested with the germs of prejudice. Students learn from parents, leaders of the community, friends, gangs, newspapers, moving pictures, the radio, more about racial attitudes than they can be taught in school. They observe and imitate and respond to live social situations; their emotions are actively engaged. But again, in spite of these formidable handicaps and limitations, this does not mean the schools should not hammer away at the educative process with all the positive and creative force they can muster. Too often they are the only positive force operating in the community.

4) The schools have tended to overintellectualize the racial problem, since that is, by and large, the only method at their disposal. They preach or teach, or do nothing. Growing efforts to enlist the participation and support of the leaders of the community and the parents of the students are encouraging and bound to produce some beneficial results in widening the base of the attack.

5) Since man is predominantly irrational, using his reasoning powers only at odd moments for a negligible fraction of the day, rational strategies may fail for lack of emotional juice. The truth may be known and yet the will to end discrimination be found wanting. Facts must be interpreted, truth must be placed within a framework of dynamic social values. The Negro-hater in the South, for instance, usually believes himself to be a good

Christian, a tender and devoted father to his children, a decent neighbor, a public-spirited and even philanthropic citizen, yet he continues to believe, in the teeth of all the available facts, that the Negroes are an inferior species, destined by the will of God to be menials in the hierarchy of creation.

6) Though some youngsters find it a liberating and valuable experience to have their nationality or racial background frankly discussed in school, no conclusive experiments have yet been devised to show that this emphasis does more good than harm, or under what teaching conditions the results are harmful or beneficial. Certainly in our culture with its emphasis on the American norm, or the ideal of complete assimilation, the reference to racial and national antecedents may make for embarrassed self-consciousness. The teaching motives may be of the best, but the students are sensitive to factors other than the factual and the logical: the factors inherent in the social situation, the unspoken assumptions, the feeling of the old-stock white American majority that this is a kind of international Babel-circus at which they are amused if silent spectators.

7) Another resistance factor that must be taken into consideration is the attitude of the teachers who are expected to undertake the work of intercultural education. It should not be assumed that teachers, as teachers, are made of superior clay. Not only are they all too human; they have absorbed the same environmental influences as other people in the community. True, they are supposed to be intelligent and informed, but intelligence and knowledge alone are not sufficient for the removal of prejudice. To counteract resistance, hidden or overt, the schools must undertake an extensive system of teacher education, for the teachers are in a key position to make or mar the program. If

it is forced on them without their full consent and understanding, the cure may be worse than the disease.

8) Even the most conscientious and hard-working supporters of intercultural education must see to it that they have removed the mote from their own eye. The unconscious assumption of superiority, of bestowing largesse where Negroes or other minority groups are concerned, must be vigorously combated.

9) Finally, most important is the need to secure enlightened community co-operation by incorporating the intercultural program within the adult education movement. For it is adult society which can undo whatever good the schools can do. So long as the cultural group to which the individual belongs retains its prejudice against some ethnic group, it is not likely that his attitude will be greatly changed by educational means. As John Dollard sums up the problem in *The Science of Man*, "... the effort to recondition individuals one by one, to free them from anti-Negro or anti-Semitic sentiments is likely to be futile. The real controls of individual opinion are exercised by the intimate social group to which he belongs, and these cannot be blithely supplanted by mere mass propaganda." The social environment exerts massive if conflicting pressure upon the individual to conform to its attitudes, to make the expected and approved responses. There is hope, however, in the fact that social attitudes are neither uniform nor consistent but essentially contradictory. The same society that is prejudiced against alien elements or minority groups also professes to believe in the American Creed. Individuals react upon their environment and eventually help to change it. The cultural lag does not always lag. There is constant change and spurts of progress. The efforts of intercultural education are one promising aspect of this progressive movement.

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If education is not a cure-all, it does offer a constructive and enlightened approach to the problem of racial prejudice. Intercultural education does try to teach the young how to think critically and objectively, even if it means running counter to the idols of the tribe. It tries to teach the semantic wisdom of judging people as individuals and not as racial categories. It demonstrates that the effects of racial hatred are double-edged, warping the personalities of those who are hated and striking at the damaged conscience of those who hate. The values implicit in the American Creed, the belief in equality of opportunity for all, need to be emphasized over and over again. It is the old traditional beliefs, not the facts, that create the conflict. The facts have been there all the time. Finally, intercultural education calls forth and finds a creative outlet for the innate idealism of many young people.

All that I have said, therefore, is no justification for retreat on the educational front. The battle for democracy must be fought to a finish, and I am with it all the way. I merely plead for the honest recognition of the fact that the schools cannot hope to win the battle alone. The larger society of which they are a part must also assume its full responsibility for building a practicing democracy where all Americans, regardless of race, creed, or nationality background, share equally American justice and equality of opportunity.

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TOGETHER—SINK OR FLOAT

HORACE BRYAN

THE good ship *Standbury* was knocked out from under us in the Gulf of Mexico at 10:43 p.m., December 3, 1943. The *Esso Hartford* picked up the survivors and we landed in a Galveston hotel the next evening, filthy, fatigued, and famished. That place looked like heaven: there was beer and food and good clean white beds.

But, lo and behold, this was my dear homeland, the South. Negroes and whites could not stay in the same hotel, no sir. Yes, the dead could lie down peacefully together out in the Gulf, but the living—who ever heard of such a thing? In Galveston? Indeed, not!

Well, Galveston was full; offhand, we couldn't find any place for the Negro survivors to stay. Nobody felt like going out on a long search, and what did we care about somebody's ancient creed after a few hours in lifeboats together? It wasn't important. What we wanted was quiet and rest; to flop into a chair, to sip a glass of beer, to enjoy that fine safe feeling of something solid under your feet, breathe air free of smoke and burning oil and blood. Then off to the sack!

I heard a young Texan, hardly old enough to vote, talking to one of the ladies who had been kind enough to come

down and prepare our food and beer but who didn't think it quite right for the black and white survivors to stay in the same hotel.

"Ma'am," he said, "you're all together on a ship an' it's so simple to see. If she floats, you all float; if she sinks, you all sink. A country ain't no different from a ship, only bigger. Everybody is together an' it's float together or sink together. I'll tell you, lady, it feels a heck of a lot better floatin' than it does sinkin'."

Well, we all stayed together in that hotel, you can bet your boots. In Galveston? Yes, indeed. Just like we had fought together for life—and like our shipmates, both black and white, had died together out there in the Gulf.

I shipped on the *Herbert D. Croly* out of Galveston. She was a Houston-built Liberty, on her maiden voyage, her destination a wartime secret. She was manned, yes sir, by Texans—free-born, white, and twenty-one—most of them. There was also a Filipino cook, an old-timer capable of taking care of himself, and a Tex-Mex messboy.

The Texans are a good bunch generally. I lived there a few years myself and came within two whoops of being Texas-born. My pappy rode an ox-wagon to Texas when he was eight years old but came the next season and he rolled back into Arkansas and there he stayed. But I couldn't help that, at my age. Of course, the Texans may be a little arrogant and full of braggadocio, especially the Papa-Lee commandos! And why shouldn't they be? Ain't Texas the biggest state in the union? What did the United States amount to anyway before Texas joined the union?

Well, we had a nice quiet trip. We almost caught a V-2 in London during the blitz; we played peek-a-boo with a few guys at some periscopes; and we wallowed in a storm for 23 days as we rolled home.

But otherwise everything went as planned. The commandos were full of talk; they hanged about two score "niggers" and shot fully as many Mexicans, just to keep in practice. But the only time it got past the academic stage was one day in Hull. Some of the boys tanked up a little too much on "Limey" hospitality. Then one of them walked into the messhall and hit the Tex-Mex messboy behind the ear and knocked him across the room. Thereupon another jumped up and hit him behind the other ear and knocked him back.

I'll admit where I came from a good, clean, fair, fist fight is a sporting affair. But I never could stand this two-on-one stuff. I found myself on top of the table, one foot in the carrots, the other in the beans; I had a bottle of red-hot in one hand and the catsup in the other. "Aw-right," I yelled, "lay off that kid or I'll red-lead both your craniums, here and now."

The commandos hesitated and looked at the threatening catsup bottle. "Go ahead," I said, "if you wanta learn just how good an ol' Ozark squirrel-knocker is."

"That's right," a drawling voice piped up. "Since when does it take two Texans to whip one Mexican, anyway?" Now there was a true son of the Lone Star state, God bless him! Everybody sat down and had a little chow and thought no more about it.

The grand payoff came when we docked in Baltimore on December 23, 1944. Home for Christmas to boot! I didn't see the union patrolman come aboard; in fact, the first inkling I had about the whole affair was when I walked into the messhall. There he sat at the table, that gang of Texas commandos crowded about him, pouring their hearts out for a few hours of disputed overtime. You could have stabbed me dead and I wouldn't have bled a drop.

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That patrolman handled their grievances, smartly and efficiently. I heard some of them say later, "That fellow is a good patrolman." They didn't say, "That nigger is a good patrolman." They said simply, "That fellow is a good patrolman." I think I was the only one in the crowd that noticed he was black—and I am free-born, white, and don't give a damn!

I caught the *Ridgefield* out of Sun Ship at Chester, Pa.; she was a brand-new T-2 tanker and a honey. I rode the old *Ardmore* and the *Matinick*, and the *Chiloil* and *Chilbar*, and several more. Herbert Burney, a Negro, came aboard the *Ardmore* in Port Tampa, Florida, in the Deck Department. Negroes ship freely in the Steward's Department, much less often in the Black Gang, and still less often in the Deck Department. The *Ardmore* was an ancient tanker and we shuttled "hot stuff" from Texas to Florida for near four months. Our crew, after the first trip or two, was almost exclusively Texans and Floridians. The boys lived and ate with Burney and we had no trouble at all. I had to do some tall talking once or twice, but I never failed to carry my point. The only man who ever proposed that we put Burney off was a Northerner, at the time Burney came aboard, and while we still had a crew shipped out of New York.

"Aw, leave the poor devil alone," I said. "They have a hard enough time down South here, anyway." I figured this was a good line. No Yankee wants to be like a Southerner. That little appeal to his sectional ego turned the trick.

Aboard a ship or two I have had arguments with the Yankee boys in our efforts to control the racial prejudices of the Southerners. The Northerners go about all the time talking about "rights"; this Negro is an American, he is a qualified seaman; therefore he has a "right" to sail any American ship.

"You have to handle most of the southern boys a little different," I explain. "Remember that old saying, 'You can't hold a man in the ditch without stayin' in the ditch yourself.' A Southerner can understand that."

I remembered having heard this saying repeated over and over among the white tenant farmers of Arkansas a few years before. They had suddenly come to realize that by helping to oppress (keep in the ditch) the Negro tenants they were aiding in their own oppression.

So with the Texans on the *Herbert D. Croly*. When they faced a situation where a Negro patrolman could handle their grievances, they could have kicked him off the ship, into the ditch, so to speak; but in so doing they would have got themselves into a ditch and could not collect their disputed overtime. So they co-operated with him and thought nothing of it.

People are selfish critters; they love their brothers when their brothers are helping to butter their bread. More correctly I suppose I should say that they see and understand things which affect them directly.

We were arguing one day in the fo'c'sle, aboard the old *Chiloil*, an express tanker carrying high octane. A Yankee said to a Southerner, "A Negro has a right because he is an American."

"A damned nigger ain't got no rights in Alabama," the Southerner retorted.

Then I took over. "Awright, what's gonna happen if you don't let the Negro ride a union ship?" I asked. "You know as well as I do that he's gonna hate you and when he gets a chance he's gonna take your job and scab your ears off, an' you can't blame him. He has to work to live."

He got to thinking about it and it wasn't long till he was helping us convince the newcomers that a Negro should have some rights. "You're just makin' it

A LETTER TO A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

hard on yourself when you fight the nigger," he would say. He'd learned.

Horace Bryan has been a coal miner, a newspaper man, factory worker, and

Union organizer. He served during the war in the Merchant Marine. His writing has appeared in *Read, This Month*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Direction*, and many other periodicals.

A LETTER TO A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

MATAILEEN L. RAMSDELL

DEAR BILL:

In your last letter you sent me a clipping about a Negro boy who criminally attacked a white woman, killed one of her children, and burned her home. On it you wrote, "Dirty, savage beasts and you want me to associate with them and give them EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES!"

Your plan of basing a whole group's right to equal opportunities on the percentage of sex perverts it contains interests me and I have been doing a little research on the subject. Here are the results of some newspaper scanning I have done with your approach in mind.

First, a clipping from a Tennessee paper about a confessed murderer, white, of a forty-one-year-old Negro woman who was pregnant. He cut her throat from ear to ear and stuffed her body under a railroad bridge.

Next, there came to my mind the case of a white Epworth League friend in Ohio who went berserk one day, criminally attacked a ten-year-old girl who came to his apartment to sell benefit tickets, strangled her, and hid her body in a trunk.

Next, there's the case in Detroit of the eight-year-old girl criminally attacked by a white man, and thrown down with her slit throat to die. And, of course, there's the hideous Degnan case—still unsolved.

Do you know, as I read and thought about these cases which occur so often in our country (not to mention the bestiality displayed by men of all races in war-torn Europe and Asia), an amazing and horrifying fact became clear. Regardless of the various colors, races, and creeds represented by our sex murderers, one thing they do have in common—so perhaps your line of reasoning does have some justification. They all appear to be male.

As a result of using your line of reasoning I am compelled to wonder just how you can bear to associate with your own sex, or—to be even more specific—how you can endure associating with yourself? From there, this last rather simple conclusion seems inevitable—i.e., that women and children will never be safe in this world until we keep men ruthlessly segregated and suppressed and deny them any and all access to equal opportunities.

Yours for a safer world,

Mary

Mataileen L. Ramsdell has appeared in *COMMON GROUND* several times previously. After a few years of teaching in the War Relocation Centers, she has taught this past year in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, the Atomic City.

RADIO ON THE INOFFENSIVE

MILTON KAPLAN

THE silver jubilee of radio broadcasting has just been celebrated, much to the surprise of many of us who still remember vividly the cigar-box crystal sets. Radio broadcasting has become such an inescapable factor in modern life that it is hard to realize that twenty-six years ago, on August 20, 1920, WWJ, Detroit, was the first station to broadcast a news account. At the close of 1922, there were 400,000 radio receiving sets in the United States. Today there are 60,000,000. 32,500,000 families, representing 89 per cent of all the families in this country, own radio sets, and listen on the average of 4.4 hours per day, a staggering total of 143,000,000 hours of family-listening daily. It is estimated that a single program, Norman Corwin's "We Hold These Truths," was broadcast to an audience of 60,000,000.

Translated into terms of human experience, these statistics mean that every Sunday evening millions of Americans in every section of the country cackle gleefully with Charlie McCarthy precisely at the same instant and with the same accord. In radio we have a medium of communication that reaches contemporaneously the greatest audience the world has ever known. Entering virtually every home, the radio welds the country into a single audience enjoying love, suspense, music, and comedy.

The Nazis learned a long time ago what a powerful weapon the radio could be, and by means of plays, speeches, and exhortations fused Germany into a country ready and eager for conquest. We

had to learn our lesson much later, and for four long years the radio fought valiantly to unify our country into a militant nation, fighting for democracy on all fronts.

Now the war is over, and as we turn the dials of our sets, we search in vain for evidence that the radio is aware of what a cohesive influence broadcasting can be. Instead, our loudspeakers tell us that Mrs. Brown is carrying on despite a lame back and a sick husband, that amateur-detective King can solve the crime that baffles the police, that Aunt Matilda's homely wisdom is all that is needed to unite lovers and solve the problems of the world. But where are the serious themes that are troubling all good Americans? Where is the discussion, dramatization, and condemnation of social and economic inequities, of racial and religious prejudice? Where is the concerted war against the disruptive factors that are dismembering a once-unified nation? Conflict is the very essence of drama; yet the themes in which conflict is most tragically inherent are strangely missing from a medium that presents drama all through the day and night.

It is true that occasionally a news commentator will brave the conspiratorial silence to examine a perplexing question with more than a cursory glance. Script writers like Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler will lash out bitterly against prejudice and racial hatred, but these attacks will be found only on unsponsored programs offered at odd times which will not

conflict with commercial commitments. Thus the dramatization of Irwin Shaw's New Yorker piece on anti-Semitism, "Act of Faith," was broadcast by the "Columbia Workshop," an unsponsored program, on Saturday afternoon when there are comparatively few listeners. A series like "New World A-Coming," which discusses and dramatizes racial tensions and possible solutions, may be offered on a local station where repercussions will be limited to the boundaries of a city in which presentations of this kind will be received with equanimity.

It would be a great mistake to disparage these programs, which have exhibited a remarkable disregard of stereotyped radio patterns. The Columbia Broadcasting System, in this connection, must be commended for its spirit and courage at the time of the Detroit race riots in June of 1943 when it broadcast William Robson's stirring message, "Letter on Race Hatred." Unfortunately, these are oases in the vast desert of radio broadcasting. The great networks, for the most part, will close their eyes to any such problem and blithely offer thirty minutes of diluted comedy, interspersed by a few wheedling comments calling attention to the sponsor and his product. Or, if a network does decide to gird its loins for the fray, it will delay the event until late at night when most of the audience is asleep. The dramatization of Marie Syrkin's book, *Your Schools, Your Children*, for instance, which probed uncomfortably into an educational system that failed to recognize the great need for training against prejudice and propaganda, was broadcast at 11:30 p.m. And in the few sponsored programs that have ventured bravely into dangerous territory, the technique is so "slick" that the listener is lulled into an easy acceptance of the happy ending. In the "Mr. District Attorney" program, "The Case of the Wrong Way to Die,"

anti-Semitism was discussed so deftly that the word Jew was not mentioned once! Yet this show, it must be understood, represents a courageous departure from the radio formula.

Endowed with the greatest audience in the world, with excellent actors and musicians, with remarkable technical devices, the radio, nevertheless, is degenerating into a flaccid instrument of stereotyped entertainment. It is for this reason that Archibald MacLeish has dismissed radio drama as a "vaudeville of the air," and the Report of the Harvard Committee, *General Education in a Free Society*, lumps the radio with the motion picture and the newspaper under this blanket accusation: "But one need be no soft paternalist to believe that never in the history of the world have vulgarity and debilitation beat so insistently on the mind as they do now from screen, radio, and newsstand."

The elephant shying away from the mouse, apocryphal or not, always makes an engaging situation. And a radio network timidly retreating from a tiny element in the audience would be very amusing indeed were it not so tragic. The truth of the matter is that the radio stations, earning their money by selling time to advertisers, do not want to broadcast anything that tends to puzzle or offend any potential customer. As one NBC executive put it: "Radio does not wish to offend the sensibilities of its listeners; obviously, therefore, such words as 'wop' and 'nigger' are forbidden. Also under the Federal Communications Act, broadcasters are forbidden to put on the air anything that may be described as obscenity, profanity, or blasphemy. This has been interpreted to mean that even the phrase 'My God' is profane. . . ."

Unfortunately, no matter how careful stations are, there are always listeners who

will be offended. The adapters of Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* removed all realistic profanity, knowing what radio restrictions were, but they left in a few mild expletives to suggest the original flavor of the dialogue. Even then many listeners wrote in to object. Painfully aware of this hypercritical element, radio stations very often bend over backward to avoid any ruffled feelings. In Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill's radio ballad, "Magna Charta," King John shouted "God's wounds" to rhyme with "hounds." That was blue-penciled, and the king had to roar "Sol" instead. The rhyme suffered but the audience was spared. Norman Corwin, astute radio man, had his lobsterman say "danged," although he admitted that no Maine lobsterman would ever be that scrupulous.

In themselves, perhaps, these instances may seem trivial, but the total impact of these restrictions is far from amusing. The radio industry is to be commended for its protection of people's feelings, but we must recognize at the same time that its protection almost always assumes a negative aspect. To be on the safe side, radio simply omits anything that may offend or stir controversy. The result is that the typical broadcasting schedule is bare of mature subjects and controversial themes. A study the American Civil Liberties Union made several years ago found very little official censorship in radio but did reveal a whole list of unofficial taboos, including such "delicate" topics (at that time) as President Roosevelt, the Supreme Court, strikes, Spain, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. It is this policy, in all probability, that impelled the National Broadcasting Company to drop the challenging program, "Words at War," which used to reward the discriminating listener at 11:30 p.m., in favor of more soothing material.

The result is that radio lags far behind

instead of forging ahead of public opinion. What startling dramatic material the Hazel Scott—DAR episode would have made. What a stirring script could be written on Gerald L. K. Smith. What a pathetic play could be spun around a Negro soldier in a Jim Crow car. What a tirade could be directed against the employer who refuses to employ an applicant because he is a Jew. Yet search the crowded schedules of the networks for any such program, despite the fact that radio executives complain they cannot get enough material to fill the ever-gaping needs of broadcasting.

A policy so conservative that it permits the censorship of anything that may hurt someone's sensibilities can easily become dangerous. Radio was very circumspect in its treatment of Germany and Italy until we entered the war; then—but only then—did it join the combat. Before the war Norman Corwin accused radio officials of unconsciously helping the Axis powers: "We shall not discuss Fascism. We shall not put on a program which offends any group." Well, I can imagine the crude laughter of the board of strategy of Axis propaganda at such a policy." Arch Oboler accused even government radio officials of trying "to run for cover whenever the thesis of a particular play of mine was such as to arouse in anger the undercurrent Fascist, or the professional moralist, or the self-seeking sensationalist." During the war, the Writers' War Board in a pamphlet issued in 1945, *How Writers Perpetuate Stereotypes*, a digest of data prepared by the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research, maintained that the use of "stock" characters and situations in radio programs (and in plays, motion pictures, newspapers, and advertising copy) was "unconsciously fostering and encouraging group prejudice."

Even now there are some groups in America who are not at all satisfied that

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the radio is sufficiently cowed. On November 21, 1945, Representative John S. Wood, of Georgia, chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee, introduced a bill to control radio stations and news commentators. According to the New York Times, the bill—fortunately “killed” in committee—would have compelled radio stations to:

1. “Clearly separate and distinguish programs consisting of news items” from those involving the commentator’s personal opinion “or propaganda.”

2. Identify “by full and proper announcements” every person engaged “in broadcasting opinions and propaganda”; maintain “for public inspection” a statement setting forth the name, place of birth, nationality, and political affiliation of its news commentators.

3. File with the Federal Communications Commission a set of rules to govern “opinionated” broadcasts.

4. Maintain in every state within a radius of 500 miles of the station a legal agent against whom actions can be brought in local courts by any person who feels he has been injured by a broadcast.

Faced by constant threats of this kind, the radio industry has found it more prudent to yield to pressure than to resist. In hesitating to attack the enemies of America in America, radio has established an appeasement policy that has all the concomitant dangers we know only too well. The Bilbos, the Rankins, the Gerald L. K. Smiths can foment distrust, hatred, and disunity without ever having to fear the official condemnation of the radio, which because of its immensity and ubiquity becomes the voice of America. With 60,000,000 radio sets in the United States these demagogues could be blasted into oblivion if the radio industry dared to present what is, after all, merely an affirmation of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of

the United States of America. Even the motion picture, which like the radio has been content to make money by tickling its mass-audience, is learning that as a gigantic instrument of communication, it cannot remain quiescent while danger threatens our country. *The Pride of the Marines*, for example, dared to suggest that Mexican and Jewish Americans are being deprived of opportunities for employment merely because they are of Mexican and Jewish backgrounds. Perhaps Hollywood some day will come around to the Negro too, although the multiplicity of southern theatres will undoubtedly act as a deterrent to any such temerity.

In catering only to the insipid tastes of his heterogeneous audience, the advertiser has stripped the radio program of its vital capacity for indignation and censure. Radio certainly should not ignore its audience; that would be fatal indeed. Nor does it have to violate good taste, but it must at times lay bare the problems that plague the public conscience, even though it risks puzzling or offending a section of the audience. Radio, in short, must lead, not follow, the public. If we submitted our books and plays to any such group of restrictions as exists in radio, where would Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, James Joyce, Clifford Odets, Eugene O'Neill, Lillian Hellman, and George Bernard Shaw—to mention but a few—be today?

So timid and conservative has radio become that men deeply interested in the public welfare have suggested that changes be made in the entire structure that controls broadcasting. Government ownership is sometimes offered as a solution but that is a remote possibility at best. Besides, there is no assurance that a government policy would be any more forthright or courageous. The British Broadcasting Corporation, a government

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agency, will, according to Harold Laski, present nothing that may offend important people. Arch Oboler suggests that possibly government co-operation with radio stations in the form of government-sponsored programs would give radio writers greater latitude. The government in time of war initiated and produced challenging programs of real power and merit. Perhaps in peace the government can be encouraged to do as well.

Paul F. Lazarsfeld, director of the Bureau of Applied Social Research, recommends that the time devoted to sustaining programs be controlled by regional radio councils on whom would fall the task of planning suitable programs for all stations. These councils would be supported by public funds in much the same manner as boards of education are maintained. All difficult questions of time, censorship, and undue influence could be covered by special rulings at periodic conferences.

Still another solution has been suggested by Max Lerner in his essay, "Freedom in the Opinion Industry": "I propose the rva principle in our radio system: in addition to, and side by side with, the great broadcasting chains, let us have two major airways reserved by the government and run for it not by the bureaucrats but by the guild of radio artists."

Norman Rosten submits the following program: "Get back some of the control over writing which is now almost exclusively in the hands of the sponsor. Repeat worthwhile plays. Finally, and most important, let us have a wider outlet for non-commercial radio drama and pay for it. I mean a half-hour each week on each network for a program of original radio plays in poetry or prose."

These suggestions by men deeply interested in the future of the radio have serious implications for the radio industry. The industry must admit that as custodian of what is possibly the most impor-

tant medium of communication in the world, it owes a debt to society which should be paid. Perhaps the radio chains could be induced to sponsor jointly several unrestricted experimental programs for the frank discussion and dramatization of the problems and issues which face all Americans.

Any proposal, however, that the industry wrest the control of programs from the hands of the advertisers and abandon all commercial commitment is, of course, quixotic. Yet, because the radio is "commercial," it is at the mercy of its audience. If listeners are displeased with their radio fare, advertisers will spend thousands to provide something more palatable. Walter Winchell, who leads all news commentators, according to the Hooper figures, is very much "commercial," although—or perhaps because—he has the courage, for all his shortcomings, to offend isolated parts of the radio audience. Although many efforts have been made by radio officials to restrain and censor him, the force of public approval has kept him on the air. There is no reason why other vigorous and militant dramatic and discussion programs cannot be equally "commercial."

Unfortunately, the intelligent listener is so glutted with monotonous broadcasts that he has learned to turn his radio off and throw up his hands in disgust. Never will he complain to the station or write to the advertiser. If the intelligent public wielded its disgust with the timorous policy of radio as a weapon to demand more substantial and vital programs, there would be a greater likelihood that these would be broadcast. Some time ago, Deems Taylor placed the responsibility for better programs right on the doorstep of the listener: "American radio programs today are a reflection of the will of the American radio listener, so far as he can be induced to make that will known. The

fact that they represent the taste of the majority does not mean that the minority need go unrepresented. The broadcasters are no fools. Their response to a minority would not be based on numerical consideration alone. Only, the minority must take the trouble to write."

The great powers of radio are being dissipated today on drooling trivialities at a time when the reaffirmation of American democracy is urgently needed to unify a country that even now is at the mercy of dissident elements, who interpret tolerance as weakness and silence as acquiescence. The full extent of racial and religious prejudice in the United States probably can never be measured accurately, but whatever surveys have been made reveal disquieting results. When a cross-section of Americans was asked: "Are there any groups of people you think are trying to get ahead at the expense of people like you?", 35 per cent answered "Yes." 6.5 per cent singled out the Jews as the offenders. Just before the end of the war, 49 per cent of those asked believed that the Negroes had enough opportunities to advance in industry. Figures indicate that the Solid South would vote against a Catholic candidate.

These people are not malicious. They are simply ignorant. But ignorance is fertile soil for bigotry. These people must be educated if there is to be any hope for real unity and democracy in America. Elmo Roper, public opinion analyst, addressing the National Conference of Christians and Jews, called for every

American to join in the fight against bigotry: "All of us who are so minded can fight for better education for more people; all of us can fight for more and better newspapers, radios, and magazines; all of us can fight against poverty and economic inequality. But you and I have a special obligation. We can strive calmly and with obvious fairness to supply more information about the size and nature of all minorities. Where there are misconceptions about Catholics, Jews, Negroes, and Southern Baptists, we can offer facts. And the facts are that no minority is dangerous because of its religion or race. The only minorities which are dangerous are those which would deprive other minorities of their rights as human beings."

The uninformed, thus, must be given the facts of bigotry. The most powerful medium to transmit facts and information and to educate the ignorant millions is probably the radio. What a great day it would be in America if the radio would use its force in public life to extirpate the roots of hatred and prejudice that grow only in the darkness of the mind.

For the past four years, Milton Kaplan has been working on a study of radio drama, with particular emphasis on the radio verse play, and he is now preparing a book on the subject. Mr. Kaplan is the author of several previous contributions to CG, among them "Maids Are Hard to Get," Spring 1945, and "My Son Jonathan," Autumn 1944.

MR. GOLD AND THE SAILOR BOY

BEN MADDOW

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gold had shaved at noon when his wife had brought him a pot of dinner and tended store for a while, by midnight a stubble of white had already begun to show through his skin. Rubbing his face, he locked his candy store and turned around and sighed into the empty street.

Nothing moved. Two lamps and the half-moon were purest white; the store windows and the thin water in the gutters shone black like the sky, narrow and irregular above the buildings. Down the block there was a path of shadow from McGinnis Alley, but somehow the shape of this darkness seemed not quite ordinary.

"Mr. Gold," he said to himself, "you worry altogether too much." And he sighed again, for he had forgotten the chocolate for Marion, and he must reopen the store and search behind the narrow counters for the bar he had saved for her.

"Oh, that little Marion, she'll wake me six o'clock in morning. Grandpa, my candy, Grandpa! What a girl, what a child, what a momser!"

He felt in the bag again, to make sure.

"Four years old and already—already she's got a better head than me!"—for the chocolate was at the bottom of the bag. He drew it up to the top so he could see it.

In the empty street, where it crossed the empty alley, there was a kind of movement, the shuffle of something alive.

Mr. Gold said, "What am I afraid?" He touched the chocolate bar through the

paper and walked down past the closed doors and the unlit show-windows and the wax head in the beauty parlor that smiled without resting, day and night.

A voice in the alley said, "Kill 'em all, big and small!"

"Aha," said Mr. Gold, "always killing somebody."

A bottle was thrown or struck against the brick wall of McGinnis Alley.

"With my two naked hands," the voice said.

Mr. Gold walked slowly ahead, shifting his bag to his left arm.

Shoes brushed against broken glass, and the shadow came out of the alley. It was only a boy, maybe 19 or 20. The pocket of his sailor's jacket was torn open, his sailor's trousers unbuttoned on one side. He walked with legs apart, to keep them from twisting. Mr. Gold coughed with a kind of contempt and walked in a half-circle around the sailor.

The boy said, "Hey you, stop!" He still held the neck of the broken quart bottle in his right hand.

Mr. Gold pushed it aside and said, "This is foolishness."

The boy held the jagged edges up like a weapon.

"Stop. Stop in the name of the U.S. gov'ment!"

Mr. Gold stood still. "This is the utmost foolishness," he said.

The boy shouted, "I suppose you heard of the FBI!"

"I've heard, and you're not it."

Mr. Gold tried to cross the street. The

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boy lifted the broken bottle, but, as if it were too heavy for him, he could get it no higher than Mr. Gold's face.

Mr. Gold pushed it down and cried, "I got no time for you. Get out of my way and let me go home."

"No, you're not going nowhere just yet."

"If you want money, it's no use. I got no money. Now let me go past."

The boy felt the old man's fear, and it gave him great pride and excitement. "I don't need your money," he explained. "I've got my own and plenty of it. I just

Mr. Gold waited till he could speak slowly and carefully. "Now look, sailor boy. My wife is waiting for me. She's an old woman, and she can't stand it, the excitement."

"Can't stand it, the excitement, can't stand it, the excitement!" mimicked the boy. "I can see you're a Jew, ain't that right?"

"Let me go home! You haven't got a home it seems, but others have got a home."

"I got you right. I call you a dirty filthy ol' yellow ol' Jew. Now you're going



want to ask you certain questions. Just a few routine questions."

"Get out of my way!" But as Mr. Gold went forward, the boy shoved the sharp end of the glass into the paper bag. He leaned forward into his weapon, perfectly at ease.

to stop pushing and answer some questions, Jew."

Mr. Gold was silent. He pulled the paper bag away from the glass. "Oh, you're foolish, foolish! I don't know if I could tell you how foolish." Then he said, "Let me ask you a question—"

"I don't answer no questions, I ask the questions."

"—why don't you let me go home?"

The boy seized Mr. Gold by the shoulder, gripped it till he had a handful of cloth. He said, "You're not going anywhere, Jew."

"All right."

"Who started the war, anyhow? Answer that."

"It's all over, now. What are you worried?"

"It's all over now, but who started it? I'll tell you. I heard it was the Jews. Now wasn't it?"

"Absolutely, absolutely. Now let me go."

"They started it and we finished it, the dirty Jews."

Mr. Gold looked at him straight and let go the bitterness of his anger. "Sure, I'm a low dirty Jew! Sure. Look at me! I started the war, personally!"

"There you are," said the boy. "Maybe you're right. All right, you didn't start it. But you made money out of it."

"Of course!"

"Plenty—"

"Millions!"

"Don't try to kid me. You got money! Look at that bag, full of money."

"Sure, sure!"

"Let's see the bag." He poked at it again with the broken bottle.

Mr. Gold pulled the bag away, and it ripped on the points of the glass.

"All right, let's see it," said the boy.

Mr. Gold tore open the whole bag, took out of it the Hershey bar, the round loaf of pumpnickel. The empty bag fell between them.

"Here's your millions."

The boy said, "Well. I'm not hungry."

"Take it, take it, don't be ashamed!"

"I don't want it."

"I don't charge you for it!"

The boy's grip on Mr. Gold's coat re-

laxed a little and he looked at the empty bag on the sidewalk. He had lost the excitement of this thing. "That's okay," he said. "That's your bread, you keep it."

Mr. Gold looked at him clearly for the first time. "You should be asleep in bed."

"I don't mean nothing bad, Pop. I make a lot of noise—I don't mean a thing."

"It's a shandah."

"What you say, Pop?"

"I say, it's a shame and a disgrace," and he took the boy's hand off his shoulder.

The boy said, "Y'see, Pop, I know when I'm drunk. And I'm drunk all right. I know it. Y'see, I went to a tattoo parlor, old Frankie, old Frankie Donahue. Sold me a bottle while he worked on me. And every time it commenced to hurt, I'd take a short drink, kill the pain. I wanted to kill the pain. Here—" and he pulled up his right sleeve. There was a square bandage on the biceps. He put two fingers under it and ripped it off.

"That's a stupid thing to do," said Mr. Gold. "At your age, to go and disfigure yourself."

"Ain't it pretty though, Pop? I figured it out and told Frankie just precisely the design I wanted. You know something?" His voice grew very low and terribly sad. "Be with me till the day I die."

"Who?"

"This here." He showed it to Mr. Gold. It was a heart with wings and a ribbon reading, "Everlasting Love," and there was a skull tattooed inside the heart.

He said to Mr. Gold, "But I sent her a telegram: ARRIVING TODAY MEET ME SAME HOTEL. Still, she never showed."

"Who?"

"Never showed. She's my wife, but she never showed. What do you say to that?"

"I'll let you say it."

"You know, on board that ship, there was plenty of guys got it—here—or here—" he pointed—"or blew their head off."

I'm lucky. Then what? Threw them overboard. Dead, dead, dead. I'm telling you. I came through—lucky. Was away 11 months, 26 days. I sent her a total of \$560. Also sent her a telegram. She never showed. Would you believe it, Pop?"

"Maybe I'll believe it, maybe I won't."

"It's true though, Pop."

Mr. Gold said to him, "So? We all got our troubles." And while he spoke, his anger came out of him again. "Is that something special with you? Nobody else in the world has any troubles, any difficulties?"

The sailor said, "You're right, Pop. Here, let's eat that Hershey, Pop."

Mr. Gold said, "You can have half, not all of it. Let's not make a pig out of ourselves." He broke the candy bar in half and gave it to him. The sailor took a mouthful.

"I can't taste it," he complained. "How is your piece?"

"I'm not eating just now."

"Why not?"

"I'm saving it."

"Now don't be that way. Eat it."

"I'm saving it for my granddaughter."

"Oh, you got a granddaughter?"

"Why is that a surprise?"

"Is she cute?"

"Cute, yes. Also smart."

"How about that? Can I get to meet her, Pop?"

"Oh, positively. She'd go for you, all right, all right. Anything with pants on, she loves. All of three and one-half years of age. And smart."

"Oh, she's smart, too. Likes the boys already."

"They're all smart these days."

"Ain't it the truth, Pop. Now why is that? How come they's so many smart kids and they's so many grown-up dumb?"

"Zeh bleiben bei dem kindershen saychl. Excuse me, it's a Jewish saying."

"Oh. Well, what does it mean?"

"A Jewish expression. It means—they remain by their children's sense."

"Smart, these Jews. Gotta give them credit."

"No, not smart, particularly. Just the same as everybody."

"Oh, no, they're smart."

"Sure, some are smart. Also dopey, also stupid. So stupid you can't knock sense in their heads with a nail. Also rich—also poor. Also so poor they can't get their knees out of the dirt. Oh, I could show you Jews! Tall, big men—also little, little like a bug. All kinds of Jews. Black-headed like a colored man, also red-headed. My own brother, big and red-headed, couldn't stand the sun. Fat Jews, yes; also pinched up and withered out, like a piece of paper in the street. Oh, there's all kinds! Don't tell me there's one kind. They're just like anybody else, no more, no less. But the one thing they got is the bitterness in their hearts. This they can't spit out."

"Is that right, Pop?"

"But Marion, that is, my granddaughter, she's an exception. She is truly a smart kid."

"Pop, she's the smartest kid I never did see." He offered him the stub of the bottle. "Here, have a drink."

"No, thanks, I had already."

"Here, have some more."

Mr. Gold took the neck of the bottle, pretended to drink.

"How's it, good?" said the sailor.

"Good, good, the best."

"You're all right, Pop. You tell me it's good. You mean it stinks good. I know it stinks. I stink, too. I don't know anything better right now. Well, I get this tattoo out of it, anyway." He pulled up his sleeve again. The tattoo was oozing blood a little.

"Tell me what to do, Pop. What should I do about this whole situation?"

Mr. Gold was silent. He shook his head.

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Finally he said, "Your arm is bleeding. Here—you got a handkerchief?"

The sailor pulled one out of the torn pocket of his blouse. It was stained with lip rouge, and Mr. Gold said, "This is the only cleanest one you got?"

The sailor took back the handkerchief. "She don't mean a thing to me, Pop. I didn't even inquire her name," and he threw the handkerchief in the gutter.

Mr. Gold put his bread and his half of the chocolate bar very carefully on the empty bag at his feet. Sighing, he reached for his own handkerchief, his extra one, folded and clean. The sailor sat down on the curb, and Mr. Gold began to tie up his arm with the clean handkerchief. The boy put the broken bottle down softly and let his head sink toward his knees.

"You're sick?" said Mr. Gold.

"Knocked out," said the sailor.

Mr. Gold finished the bandage, pulled down the boy's sleeve, and buttoned it. He said, "Rest, son, rest. Go to sleep."

The boy's eyes were closed, and he began to murmur, "You know, it's funny. She's twins."

"Who—twins?"

"My wife, she's twins. Maybe I'll go and marry the other one. They're just exactly alike. Absolutely no difference."

"If there's no difference, what's the great advantage?" And he said to himself, "Twins, yet!"

The boy was quiet. The old man looked at him, unable, somehow, to leave.

"Sleep, sleep," he said. "Marion is sleeping already five hours. Oh, what a cute one. She keeps her hands like this,

clenched up in the pillow. Nevertheless she sleeps, the little bird. Oh, that Marion, there's a little fighter, she'll be a fighter. Oh, she'll give them!" And for a second his anger returned to the figure slumped on the curb.

"And what will I tell the momma? I lost the handkerchief, so okay. And she'll say, you're getting so old, you can't remember a little thing like a handkerchief. So I can't remember, so what shall I do, hang myself? Ach, they'll be all asleep, though. What am I worrying?"

The boy spoke out of some private darkness. "Bye, Pop."

"Good-bye, good-bye." He picked up the bread and the half-bar of chocolate, and then he put the candy softly into the pocket of the sailor's blouse.

"Poor boys," he said. "All over the whole world. Scattered—like you tear pages out of a book. Away from their parents, away from their wife." He stood, wondering. "Twins! Suppose if my wife was twins—ay! Funny! Twins!" He smiled, grinned, laughed silently at his own joke. "Momma—twins!"

He laughed so hard he began to cough.

And he went home through the night streets, carrying the round pumpnickel in one hand like a lantern.

Since his discharge from the Army Air Forces, Ben Maddow has been working with documentary films in Hollywood. Also a free lance writer, he is at work on a novel.

The illustration is by Wolfgang Roth.

THE VANGUARDERS

ALBERT LIBBY

THE VANGUARD LEAGUE makes Columbus, Ohio, one of the most heartening spots in the whole interracial picture. Not because conditions in Columbus are ideal, or even the best in the country—they are not—but because of the revelation of how attitudes can be changed by hard work and a good strategy, with Negroes themselves assuming the lead.

The League isn't an old organization. It was launched in 1940 by a small group of dynamic young people, of whom Attorney Frank Shearer, Barbee Durham, a chemist at Ohio State University, William Brooks, also a lawyer, and Mrs. Constance Nichols seem to have been the active core. The League later became rather conscientiously interracial, but the Negro group has always been dominant. These young people were just as clear-eyed and objective as they were stonily determined. The goals they selected were reasonably within reach, the methods practical. They demonstrated a good grasp of Negro psychology, and a shrewd appraisal of the white.

They tackled at once some of the minor forms of discrimination in Columbus, among them one which isn't minor at all in its social effects—that of racial tags on crime stories in the papers, things like: "Police are holding Sam Smith, 18, a Negro, in connection with the recent burglary of Mike's Place, 1010 Slum Street."

Columbus copy-desk men don't use these pernicious labels any more. The practice was not abandoned on the initia-

tive of the local news purveyors, however. There were conferences with the Vanguarders, representations, vigorous arguments and appeals. Finally the editors promised the Vanguard people the hateful tags would be discontinued—and they were. It is certain that this has done a lot of good.

In 1940 Negroes used to stand forlornly in front of the gaudy movie houses and the one legitimate theatre in Columbus, the Hartman. They could read the posters, but even when the performers were colored they could not get tickets. The theatre managers offered the usual alibi: People wouldn't stand for it. It would cause trouble, disturbance, maybe even riots! It was just impossible. It wouldn't work—not in Columbus anyway. It took lots of persuasion, including some crisp court action, to get the managers to see the light and make the painful experiment. But they did. And nothing happened. No trouble. No disturbance. Not even a hint of a riot.

There is an Ohio statute which prohibits discrimination in service by any public establishment. Restaurants, theatres, public conveyances, hotels, stores, even barber shops are covered. Common carriers and stores, generally at least, obeyed the law. Not so the restaurants.

During late 1940 the League began sending Negroes in a persistent stream to those restaurants known to practice discrimination. This meant virtually all outside the Black Belt. The investigators sought service, were invariably refused,

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sometimes with a phony pretext, often just refused. All the data on the humiliating business went into the League office and was carefully analyzed.

In due time the Vanguarders felt ready for action. First, letters were sent to the Ohio Restaurant Owners Association. There was a whole series of letters, all of which must have been pitched into the waste basket. At any rate, the Association did not reply.

But the League was not relying on persuasion only. Plenty of ammunition for a folio of suits had been found by the investigators—not only proofs of the violation of the specific statute, but also affront, indignities, and even assault and battery.

In April 1942 the League let go a broadside—thirteen suits, all filed together. In addition, apparently inspired by the League's militancy, ten legal actions to the same effect were begun by individuals.

Almost immediately, a white flag fluttered in the spring breezes. The high command had ordered a surrender.

One could sympathize with the Vanguarders if they should decide to frame the following resigned document:

"Restaurants in Columbus are confronted with 23 suits in Columbus courts at the present time as a result of a campaign sponsored by certain colored groups who have brought action for damages under section 12940 of the General Code. The question immediately arises as to what we can do to satisfy customers in our restaurants. We must serve all people alike as they present themselves to our restaurants, and for those who question as to why we are conducting this practice we are enclosing a reprint of the law. . . . These may be passed out to all people making such inquiry."

This was a smashing victory. Incidentally, I have heard of no untoward

occurrence resulting from the new non-discriminatory policy.

On occasion, the League has used other tactics. In the colored section there were a number of eating places run by whites at which Negroes were the bulk of the trade. Most were of the greasy-spoon variety. The patrons belonged to the working class, and the proprietors had been in the habit of charging tall prices, serving foul meals, and, worst of all, treating their Negro customers with supercilious rudeness.

League officials were incensed not only by the mistreatment but by the fact that colored people were taking it. A little education was decided on. One afternoon a line of pickets hoisting placards materialized before each of these establishments. The placards denounced the offensive practices and warned the public away. These measures got quick results. Two of the restaurants were forced to close and were reopened only later and then under colored management. The others effected a quick and drastic reform.

The League pounces on Jim Crow whenever there is a chance of doing so effectively—by negotiation and moral suasion, or by more aggressive methods. These latter, however, never include violence. Gandhian precepts are adhered to always. There was the affair of the Columbus Army Depot, for instance. Depot authorities thought it would be pleasant if they threw a party for their civilian employees. It would have been—if they had thrown a party, singular. But instead, they elected to throw parties, plural. One for whites and one for colored. In different places on the same night. The Vanguard League took exception. Pickets were stationed around the site of the colored party. Handbills were distributed. Placards and banners blasted Jim Crow. The party was not a success.

Vanguarders watched taxicabs closely,

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compelling them to render the same service to colored as they did to white people. They ripped into a clerk at the marriage license bureau who was in the habit of using dirty language to colored people.

One of the principal arenas of League action was, and still is, the school system. Here they have had a long and to them rather discouraging struggle to eliminate not so much segregation of pupils (this is an inevitable concomitant of the segregated residential district) but rather race as a factor in teacher hiring and placement. The League has insisted in conference after conference that teachers be chosen on the basis—solely on the basis—of merit. The school board has as stubbornly refused, insisting it just wouldn't work. The League wrote the superintendents of a number of cities including Cleveland, New York, and Springfield, Massachusetts, which had had experience with this democratic procedure. Answers provided cogent evidence that there was no reason to be frightened about public reaction. The letters, together with a competent discussion by a League member, were published as a pamphlet for the benefit of the board.

After a good deal of further pulling and tugging, the board offered what they regarded as a substantial concession. They appointed thirteen additional colored teachers to a school in which nearly all the pupils were Negroes. They then withdrew an equal number of white teachers from it (reinforcing the pattern of segregation).

The League's rejoinder was: "This isn't even a good substitute for an answer. What you have done constitutes an abortion of justice. We ask for a loaf and you have handed us a stone. We take this as a slap in the face." But so far in this engagement, the League has met its match. The Board of Education has stood its ground.

In the field of employment opportunities for Negroes, the League has waged a vigorous and successful battle. They have taken advantage of every angle that looked at all helpful. The Fair Employment Practices Committee, the CIO with its liberal racial policy, regulatory bodies controlling public utilities, all have been used. Of course times were favorable, what with the war and the man-power shortage; but the League exploited the golden moment expertly.

Big war plants had to be goaded, cajoled, and even threatened to get them to accept non-discriminatory practices. Some stores in the Negro section had to be picketed before they would hire colored clerks. It took eighteen months of effort to get a huge war plant to hire colored women. It was January, 1943, before the first were given training. Such agencies as the OPA were contacted as soon as their organization was announced and a number of colored people got on from the start. The League has been incessantly active in behalf of colored workers.

But the Vanguard League is not only the champion of Negroes in dealing with the white world. It is also taking the leadership in the Negro community. Here it is doing a job no other agency can do as well. Especially notable is its "Good Conduct Campaign."

The League realizes that Negroes, fairly or unfairly, are rarely judged as individuals, but almost always and everywhere as representatives of their race. The public conduct of each, even if he is no more than a shoe-shine boy or an anonymous passenger on a street car, reflects credit or the reverse on the whole race. Besides, since all Negroes, whether they like it or not, have to live in the Negro section, the more attractive that section becomes and the nicer the people thereof, the better for all concerned.

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Of course, no white person who knows the score is under any illusion that all race hatred would vanish if every Negro were to become a sinless and lovable angel. Still there is no doubt that race relations can be immeasurably sweetened by everybody's doing his best on both sides, just as, conversely, they can be acerbated by churlishness. It is everybody's responsibility, including the Negro's, and the Vanguarders are acutely aware of this.

The campaign to implement this responsibility has been a regular thing with them since a year or so after the founding of the League. Many a Saturday night they are part of the perpetually festive scene on Mt. Vernon Avenue and Long Street, the twin Broadways of Columbus Negrodom. In the daytime it is easy to see that the small movie houses, the taverns, grills, and "clubs"—the Cafe Paradise, the Tudice, and other garish joy spots—are not in the best state of repair. But at night, especially Saturday night, when there is a noisy, but for the most part good-natured, crowd milling around, the effect is quite lively. The Vanguarders parade back and forth along these streets displaying banners and cards which read: "Are you wasting your money?" "Watch your conduct on street cars!" "Soap is not rationed. Avoid B.O." "Do you neglect your children?" "Are you guilty of absenteeism, laying off especially after pay day?" "Zoot suits, the mark of irresponsibility!" "Buy war bonds."

Cards with much the same copy are kept in show windows of stores nearly all the time. They're one of the first things one sees when visiting the section.

Then there is the stunt of handing out what are called "On the spot" cards which read: "Watch your conduct; everyone else does. Courtesy makes friends." These are carried by members for use when a fellow Negro is seen misconducting himself in public. Care is taken not

to embarrass him. No word is spoken. The card is simply put into his hand or dropped into his pocket.

It is not only public decorum that is stressed. The League keeps hammering at people to improve the appearance of their neighborhoods: "Fix that door." "Cut that grass." "Pull those weeds!" They don't mind urging mothers to wash their children's faces!

Mass meetings are held at which white as well as colored speakers are featured. Among other things, this brings home the fact that Negroes have many friends in the paleface camp and so contributes to sweetening relations.

What has been the result of all this? I went around to see if I could find out. I interviewed street car and bus conductors, tavern keepers, merchants, the Columbus Police Department.

I asked this question: "Do you notice any change in Negro conduct as of now, when you compare it with 1939? with 1943?" The reason I chose these particular years is that in the period 1940-1943 a great number of southern Negroes came to Columbus to work in the war plants. Their prior background was rural, and they were unused to urban conditions and urban standards of behavior. Furthermore, they were coming to "God's country where a man can be a man!" This was the actual expression many of them used. It meant that frequently they had a chip on their shoulders. There was a tendency to be tense, to see slights where none was intended. (There were always plenty that were intended, especially because of the simultaneous influx of southern whites, almost as poorly trained, and full of the virus of prejudice.) Beginning with these migrations, a mounting degree of friction might have been expected, reaching a peak somewhere along about 1943.

The replies of those who had only im-

THE VANGUARDERS

pressions to go by varied from statements that they could detect no difference at all to enthusiastic encomiums on the League's work. Some of the merchants in the colored district had been so impressed they had helped the League financially. They told all sorts of incidents to illustrate what they regarded as an unmistakable upsurge in morale and a happy gain in courtesy; they stressed the fact that bills were paid more promptly. A house-to-house canvasser who had sold in Negro neighborhoods in other cities said he was struck at once by the uniform politeness of the housewives he solicited and by the responsible way they accepted their orders and paid for them.

An old-time bus conductor told me, "There are no better behaving folks anywhere." He did make a distinction between the older residents and the newcomers from the cotton farms, but even these latter, he remarked, were surprisingly well behaved—he remembered what it was like during the last war when a similar migration occurred.

Sergeant Leslie M. Shaw of the Columbus Police Department was more explicit. He had statistics. Data given below are from his records.

In 1939, the number of Negro arrests on all charges compared discouragingly with that of the whites. The Vanguard League was not in being. In 1942, when there was some decrease (13 per cent) in the overall number of arrests, the Negro figure was 24 per cent. The League was in action by now. During 1943—and this was when the rural boys from Dixie were making their presence felt—there was a further decrease and again the Negroes improved their relative position, though only slightly—24 per cent decrease against an overall decrease of 21.7 per cent.

The differential wasn't slight in 1944.

That year, as compared with 1943, there was a reduction of 19 per cent of Negro arrests in the face of an overall increase of 26 per cent. This is remarkable. The same trend has continued right up to the end of 1945. Last year the authorities were plagued with a yet worse outbreak of misdemeanors and felonies, but the Negro arrests were fewer by a highly gratifying 30 per cent.

Of course, the Vanguard League is only one of the influences at work. There are other organizations working in Columbus like the Columbus Council for Democracy, the NAACP, the Urban League. There has been no unemployment to speak of; boys went away to become soldiers and came back again. People had more money. They didn't need to steal, but they had what it took to gamble and get drunk. However it is obvious that most of these social factors would operate bi-racially; yet there is that drastic and significant difference as shown by the statistics between white and Negro reactions. I think it is clear that something generated an influence in favor of the Negroes, and in this the Vanguard League without question played its large part. Sergeant Shaw is sure. He told me of a number of cases where young colored malefactors, when brought to book, have evinced shame and made references to the League in connection with their sins.

Altogether, when my colored friends and I dine together now in nice restaurants, we agree that the Vanguard League has been doing very valuable work.

Albert Libby was born in St. Paul but has lived all over the United States. His last four years have been spent in Columbus. He does sales promotion and free-lance writing.

BALANCE SHEET FOR ONE CITY

DAN W. DODSON

A BALANCE sheet on intergroup understanding in New York City would look something like this:

ASSETS

1. The first asset is an intelligent labor group which, for the most part, recognizes that the status of organized labor is dependent upon the complete integration of all into the economic opportunities of the community. Consequently, in my estimation, the best job of intergroup relations is being done by this group in bringing together on an unself-conscious basis people of different ethnic backgrounds and enlisting them in work toward common objectives.
2. The second asset is Civil Service, which integrates all groups into municipal and state employment on the basis of the ability of the individual.
3. Public housing in New York City which accepts families on the basis of their merit and without regard to race, creed, or color.
4. The sportsmanship of New Yorkers, which prompts them to recognize merit wherever it is found—in drama in support of a Negro actor, Paul Robeson in *Othello*; and the support of other plays like *Carmen Jones*; in the election of Judge Francis E. Rivers, a Negro, by an electorate dominantly white. The enthusiasm revolving around Jackie Robinson's employment by the Montreal farm and the widespread discussion of the Mayor's Committee's report on the quota system of admitting members of minority groups to New York City and New York State colleges attest to New Yorkers' interest in these problems of intergroup relations and their concern about them.
5. The fundamental ideals of brotherhood basic in our culture, which, however much violated in the breach, at the same time stand as a beacon light in an uncharted sea. At the religious level, they find their expression in the Hebraic-Christian tradition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. At the political level they find their expression in the recognition that "all men are created equal." Myrdal has pointed out that these ideals are so far removed from our practices that he calls his study *An American Dilemma*. Nevertheless, these ideals constitute one of the most important assets we possess, for their possession means that the conscience of America will never rest until the conflict over them is resolved.
6. The sixth asset we possess is the legislation which has attempted to write our ideals into statutes and to set up remedies for the more flagrant abuses. Let me recite a few of the statutes in New York State:
 - A. The Civil Rights Law. In addition to the usual items chronicled, are appropriate items in section 40 setting forth that discrimination on the basis of race, creed, or color shall not be practiced.

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- B. The Ives-Quinn legislation creating the State Commission Against Discrimination in employment. This bill begins by defining the right to employment without regard to race, creed, or color as a civil right. Instead, however, of simply setting forth the penalties and putting the responsibility for the enforcement of the law on an already over-worked District Attorney who may not be sympathetic to it, the bill creates a Commission and provides it with a staff to:
- (1) Create educational materials to help educate people to not discriminate.
 - (2) Sift out the valid from the spurious complaints.
 - (3) Negotiate with violators and
 - (4) Bring to the bar of justice those who are obstinate violators.
- C. The local Council Bill 67 which does not allow tax exemption on urban redevelopment housing, if discrimination is practiced.
7. The various agencies, both public and private, working on intergroup relations. A casual survey reveals more than 160 such agencies now in operation. Included in this list is the Mayor's Committee on Unity, which was established as a quasi-official agency to help meet tension situations.

LIABILITIES

1. The backlog of prejudice which seems to be the norm in the average neighborhood. A recent study done by the Mayor's Committee in one of the highest educated groups reveals the following:
 - A. Less than 50 per cent of those interviewed would accept a Negro as a close personal friend.
 - B. A larger percentage would not ac-

- cept Negroes in their neighborhood.
- C. One in five of the non-Jews identified the Jews of the area as either liberals or Communists; about a comparable per cent of non-Catholics identified the Catholics as either conservative, reactionary, or fascist. Less than ten per cent said of the others that "they were of all kinds." About two-thirds of those interviewed answered at least one question relating to Negroes in a biased fashion. These data raise a serious question as to whether or not much of our emphasis on intercultural education in the public schools is wasted unless at the same time something is done about the adults of the communities into which these young people are graduated.

A recent Roper poll showed that anti-Semitism, even in the best educated and groups best off financially, is amazingly high. This prejudice finds its expression in many directions, and, in the communities where social status is conceived as being high, it is largely channeled covertly. However, in those neighborhoods of lower socio-economic status, it takes overt form. Like a low-grade infection that does not show until one's resistance is lowered physically, these prejudices remain dormant until such time as frustration or thwarting of personality whips them into open expressions of bigoted acts. The study done for the Mayor's Committee in the Coney Island neighborhood revealed this clearly, for it shows that those who have the most "gripes" about the community in which they live also show the greatest amount of animosity toward the other ethnic groups of the community.

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2. The second liability is our inability to make our greatly expanded technology service human needs more adequately. During the war effort, we produced \$180,000,000,000 worth of commodities with approximately 10 per cent of the manpower of our country out of production serving in the armed forces. Thus, it is clearly revealed that from a technological point of view we could produce roughly an equivalent of \$5,000 income per family in the United States. This is in contrast to the average income of \$1,076 in 1937. In other words, it is possible for us to produce adequate housing for everyone, more food than we can consume, more clothes than we can wear, and still have more leisure time than we know what to do with. I have no simple cut-and-dried solution to the problem, but I am certain that in New York City, as elsewhere, unless full employment is maintained and unless living conditions are improved for vast segments of our community, it is going to be impossible to keep down hatred and antipathies that arise out of the severe competition for what jobs there are.
3. The third liability is our institutional inertia. It is a truism that institutions develop slowly and over a long period of time. Consequently, those which possess maturity have a well-defined conception of self which is difficult to change. One of the most difficult problems that we face in our society today is persuading these institutions to bring their practices into line with the new demands that are thrown on them by the social changes which have occurred. Let me cite a few illustrations:
A study of the Mayor's Committee revealed that, while we entrust the development and the training of leadership to the colleges and universities of

our community and fully expect that this leadership will be indoctrinated with the ideals of democracy, these selfsame institutions are reluctant to put into operation those democratic principles and accept people on the basis of their merits rather than upon the basis of their ethnic backgrounds or geographical residence.

I have said without fear of contradiction that I doubt if there is a white Protestant church in New York City that would not lose its white membership if one hundred Negroes should join en masse on one Sunday. A large number of Young Men's Christian Association units will not admit Negroes to membership although they are founded upon the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

There has not been a successful demonstration in New York City of a public high school that has integrated the Negro young people into the program as the community has changed.

4. The fourth liability we possess in New York City is the hate-fostering groups. Hitler demonstrated only too well the technique of "divide and conquer." There are many groups in New York City who have followed his techniques very successfully. Some have been subversive and dishonest in their activities. Some even operate in the name of tolerance. The Mayor's Committee was successful in stopping Elmer F. Elmhurst from getting five thousand copies of the *Protocols of Zion* published and helped organize a counter rally at the time the Christian Front outdoor meeting was held in Queens, where he and two cohorts were arrested and later convicted and sentenced. At both the extreme right and the extreme left in our community, there stand these groups—professional

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traffickers in human hate—whose very existence depends upon keeping the pot of hate boiling.

5. The fifth liability we possess in inter-group relations is the conflict inherent in the concept of cultural pluralism. In the early years we approached inter-group relations from the standpoint of the "melting pot." The idea was to put peoples of different ethnic backgrounds in the pot and turn on the heat to burn out the dross—which is to say burn out of them their differences. Today we realize that integrity of personality cannot be maintained through such an approach. Consequently we accept the philosophy that all of us are best served if each group is not only permitted but encouraged to maintain its group integrity.

This creates confusing problems of conflict, however, in community relations. The Negro group, for instance, would like to get out of the "ghetto" and has few antipathies toward integration with other groups. On the other hand, some Jewish leadership is concerned about maintaining patterns of Jewish culture in American life but at the same time uncertain as to what will happen when Jews are singled out as a minority group. Many Jewish parents looked askance at their daughters attending canteens during the war where they were brought in contact with Gentile populations. Some Catholic groups are parochial in their attitude in an obvious attempt to maintain the integrity of their groups. At least it is certain that practices following the pluralism concept will continue to produce conflict until such time as we develop a wider respect for differences than we have at the present.

6. The last liability is that of social isolation in urban living. McGill and Matthews found that, of the youths

sixteen to twenty-four years of age whom they interviewed in their study of New York City, almost 70 per cent belong to no group, organization, or agency. The sample study in Coney Island revealed almost a comparable per cent among the adults. In one of the communities of high educational status in which we have done some interviewing, it was brought out that at least 50 per cent of the adults belong to no groups, organizations, or agencies.

How to overcome this anonymity presents one of the most baffling situations of our community, for it means that it is next to impossible to create types of situations in which people will be thrown where they have the opportunity to overcome their stereotypes and prejudices toward each other.

These, it seems to me, are the deeper problems of assets and liabilities in New York City. All in all, we stand head and shoulders above most any other community which I know. The United Nations in the metropolitan area places a double responsibility upon us not only of achieving democracy for ourselves but demonstrating it to the world as well. If this balance sheet can make some contribution to an understanding of what are our weaknesses and strengths, it will achieve its purpose.

This was a speech made by Dan W. Dodson, executive director of the Mayor's Committee on Unity of New York City, at the first of a series of meetings conducted by the Common Council at its American Common in New York on the general subject of "Constructive and Destructive Factors and Trends in Inter-group Understanding." It is presented here as a suggestion to other cities which may like to work out balance sheets for their communities.

• The Common Council at Work •

A COLLECTION of foreign-language newspapers, from all parts of the United States and printed in 36 different languages, was presented by the Council and a delegation of foreign-language editors and publishers to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, New York, on April 12 in a brief ceremony preceding the dedication of the estate as a national historic site. The issues were those of April 1945 carrying news of President Roosevelt's death. Speaking for the delegation, Read Lewis, the Council's Executive Director, presented the collection as a symbol of the varied origins of the American people and of the admiration and affection in which newer Americans held Mr. Roosevelt. That these newspapers continued to be published through-

In accepting the collection for the Library, Mrs. Roosevelt spoke of its historic value and called it evidence of the unity of the American people and their ability to work together.

"LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD: Forces Working For and Against Intergroup Equality and Understanding—in the Community at Large, in Organized Labor, in Schools and Colleges, in the Armed Forces—What Can We Do About Them?" was the subject of four recent discussions arranged by the Council at its meeting place, the American Common, in New York City. On April 3, Dr. Dan W. Dodson, Executive Director of the Mayor's Committee on Unity in New York, Willard Johnson of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and Mrs. Dorothy Norman, columnist for the New York Post and Vice-Chairman of the City-Wide Citizens' Committee on Harlem, discussed constructive and destructive forces in the community at large. (Dr. Dodson's speech is printed elsewhere in this issue. See page 88.) On April 24, Julian J. Reiss, member of the New York State Commission against Discrimination, George L-P. Weaver, Director of the National cio Committee to Abolish Racial Discrimination, and John McManus, President of the New York Newspaper Guild, discussed the situation in organized labor. The problem in schools and colleges was presented on May 23 by Father George B. Ford, Rector of Corpus Christi Church and School, Dr. Alice V. Keliher, Professor of Education, New York University, and Dr. Clyde R. Miller, Associate Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. The last meeting, on June 13, dealt with the situation in



READ LEWIS, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE COUNCIL, AND MRS. ROOSEVELT BEFORE THE EXHIBIT OF FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PAPERS

out the war, even in the language of our enemies, was, he said, eloquent testimony both to American tolerance and to President Roosevelt's enlightened leadership.

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the armed forces, the speakers being Major General Frederick Osborn, formerly Director of the Information and Education Division, Army of the United States, Lester B. Granger, Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, and John Beecher, author of *All Brave Sailors* and staff member of the National Institute of Social Relations.

NORMAN CORWIN, winner of this year's One World Award, established by the Common Council for American Unity and the Willkie Memorial of Freedom House to recognize and encourage contributions to the "one world" idea, starts his round-the-world flight the middle of June. His trip, designed to dramatize and promote better understanding between the peoples of the world, will last four months and, according to present plans, include stops in London, Paris, Brussels, Oslo, Stockholm, Warsaw, Moscow, Prague, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Palestine, Delhi, Calcutta, Chungking, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Batavia, Bali, Sydney, Auckland, and Honolulu. As an unofficial ambassador from the American people, Mr. Corwin will bring to the peoples in these countries a message of American hopes and problems. On his return he will, with the co-operation of the Columbia Broadcasting System, make a series of broadcasts reporting to our own country on his trip, what he has learned of the hopes and needs of other peoples and of our common problems.

THE COUNCIL is one of the American organizations "accredited" to the United Nations. As a national organization which conducts informational or educational programs on international affairs, it has been given the privilege of having an accredited observer at meetings of the Security Council and the various UN commissions.

INFORMATION about the United Nations and American participation therein is one of the things the Council is stressing in its educational program in the foreign-



THE DELEGATION OF EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PAPERS, IN THE HYDE PARK LIBRARY

language press. Among recent releases translated and sent to foreign-language newspapers in the United States on this and other topics have been articles on "The UN Faces Its Responsibilities," "The World Capitol: Its Significance for America," "American Policy Toward Displaced Persons and Refugees," "Stretching America's Wheat Supply," "The Question of Oil—Resources on the Continental Shelf," "C.A.R.E., the New Organization Sending Food Packages to Europe," "Re-Affirming the Bill of Rights," "The White House: Property of the Nation."

THE PROPOSAL to cut existing immigration quotas 50 per cent, one of the provisions in the Gossett bill, against which Mr. Lewis, speaking for the Council, testified before the House Committee on

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Immigration and Naturalization, was defeated by the Committee when the bill came up for vote in May.

THE RESUMPTION of more nearly normal communications with countries abroad has stimulated a greatly increased number of requests for information and assistance with regard to immigration problems. In addition to handling more than 500 individual inquiries each month, the Council furnishes local agencies the latest information in this field through its Interpreter Releases. Recent Releases have included articles on "Visa Issuance to Displaced Persons in the American Zones of Occupation," "Voting in a Foreign State—Its Effect on United States Citizenship," "Mail Services to European Countries," "Hearings on the Gossett Bill to Reduce Quotas," "I Am an American Day: 1946," "Immigration Miscellany—New Regulations Concerning Canadian Pre-Examination, Repatriation of American Citizens, Immigration of Germans and Austrians, etc.," "C.A.R.E.—A Co-operative for American Remittances to Europe," and "Adjudication of Japanese American Claims Arising from Evacuation."

A NEW EDITION, the fifteenth, of the Council's naturalization pamphlet, *How to Become a Citizen of the United States*, has just been published. In addition to the latest information on steps to be followed in becoming a citizen, it includes the Constitution of the United States and 130 specimen questions and answers about American history and government. This standard manual has helped hundreds of thousands of newcomers to become American citizens.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS and drawings of scenes in the war relocation centers by Miné Okubo, circulated nationally by the Council to further understanding of Japanese Americans, has been shown in recent months in St. Paul and Detroit and is now on the West Coast. Following its appearance at Mills College in May, it went to Riverside, California, in June—Miss Okubo's home town. Gump's Gallery in San Francisco will show it in July. In the autumn, the exhibition will return to the East Coast.

FRANK SINATRA has accepted membership on the Council's Committee of Sponsors.

THE COUNCIL'S weekly Radio Bulletin and the expansion of its service to radio stations broadcasting foreign-language programs was the subject of a recent conference participated in by Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, Office of Radio Research, Columbia University; Prof. Robert S. Emerson, Chairman of the Radio Department of New York University; Mr. Fred Bate, Manager of the International Division, National Broadcasting Company; Arnold B. Hartley, Program Director of Station WOV; Morris Novik, until recently Director of WNYC, New York City's municipal station; and members of the Council's staff.

AN EXHIBIT of books and prints dealing with the life and deeds of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, Polish and American patriot and military leader, was arranged by the New York Public Library, at the suggestion of the Council, in celebration of the 200th anniversary of Kosciuszko's birth on February 12, 1746.

• Miscellany •

A COMMITTEE FOR JUSTICE IN TENNESSEE has been established under the co-chairmanship of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Dr. Channing Tobias to co-ordinate the work of the many organizations and individuals interested in the fate of the Columbia, Tennessee, "riot" defendants. (For a full description of the Columbia incident, see James A. Dombrowski's article on page 14 of this issue.) The executive committee includes Mary McLeod Bethune, Charles C. Bolte, Clark Foreman, William L. Green, John Hammond, George Marshall, Philip Murray, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Frank P. Stanley, and Walter White. This co-ordinating Committee for Justice will publicize the facts of the Columbia case and will raise money to enable the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to carry on the legal defense of the 31 Negroes indicted. Contributions should be sent to John Hammond, treasurer, Committee for Justice in Tennessee, 20 West 40 Street, New York 18.

ENCAMPMENT FOR CITIZENSHIP, at the Fieldston School on the outskirts of the City of New York, is a new effort to help equip youth with what they must understand and know and be ready to do to make democracy strong and the peace real for themselves and for their children. Eligible are young people from all over the United States, 17 to 23 years of age; farmer, worker, veteran, student; youth of many different racial, religious, and national backgrounds; from big cities, small towns, and rural areas in every section of the country—as mixed a group as possible so that living together will be a rich experience, will break down barriers and misunderstandings, will create a new unity and comradeship.

The great City of New York will be used as a rich laboratory of citizen action groups, local and national. Trips will be made to study conditions and see problems at firsthand and to confer with the leaders and staffs of organizations working on problems of economics, minorities, and international affairs. "We can go to meetings, hearings, the headquarters of many agencies, and to the United Nations itself," says the prospectus. "We will sit down with civic leaders and thrash out their philosophy and the techniques of their work—studying and evaluating their methods of mobilizing public opinion, organizing cooperation, implementing the people's will—and learning about their failures as well as their successes. We hope that when the young people go back to Georgia, Texas, Montana, the Middle-West, New England, they will not only be informed and have a clear orientation, but also a know-how."

The camp will be in session from Monday, July 1, to Saturday, August 10, at the Fieldston School, Fieldston Road, Riverdale, New York 63. The fee per camper is \$100. Campers may pay this personally; or they may be sponsored by an organization, a club, the "Y," church or union, co-operative or school; or they may come on scholarship funds. Those desiring more information or financial help in attending should write Encampment for Citizenship, Henry B. Herman, Executive Director, 2 West 64 Street, New York 23.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE of Social Relations, 1029 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., believes that much of our social illness derives from the failure of citizens to practice in their daily lives the basic principles of our demo-

cratic credo, and that this discrepancy between our professed beliefs and our actual conduct stems more from inadequate information, misinformation, apathetic citizenship, and failure to "think things through" than from a deliberate desire to do mischief.

Newly incorporated, the Institute endeavors to promote a better understanding of human behavior and of man's relationship to his fellow men. Recognizing that for most people group study and group discussion is a more fruitful method of learning than solitary effort, the Institute seeks to achieve its objective by providing organized channels for the "talk it over" tradition which Americans have enjoyed since Colonial days. These organized channels are conceived as nationwide discussion groups, implemented at the "grass-roots" community level. To this end, the Institute studies the various problems of social relations and prepares informational materials dealing with significant aspects of interhuman relations. Subject matter varies widely—from youth, health, housing, business, labor, veterans, women, prejudice, and discrimination to war, peace, and atomic energy. Full consideration is given to the local, national, and international issues which affect the mental, physical, and social welfare of the individual, the community, and the country. The materials, based upon exhaustive research, are factual and documented; they present, as fairly as possible, both sides of a controversial issue; they are easily understood; and, by virtue of clear and specific instructions, are easily used by group discussion leaders.

The Institute also makes available to local discussion groups the training and counseling services of its staff of experts in the field of adult and youth education. Its materials and training services are available to churches, schools, civic, business, labor, women, youth, veteran, so-

cial, and similar groups on a free and/or nonprofit basis.

ONE NATION, by Wallace Stegner and the editors of *Look* (Houghton Mifflin), and *Black Metropolis*, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton (Harcourt, Brace), are the winners of the Anisfield-Wolf Award for the best books on racial relations published during 1945, as announced by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, sponsor of the award. Each book received \$1,000 of the \$2,000 award. The award committee consisted of Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, chairman of the editorial board of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Henry P. Fairchild of New York University, and Ralph Linton of Columbia University.

READERS WHO REMEMBER Milton Kaplan's "Maids Are Hard to Get" in the Spring 1945 issue of CG will be glad to learn that Ethel is back at Brooklyn College. Through the generosity of several benefactors she has been able to give up her job and devote all her time to her studies. She was heartened by the many letters from all over the country offering encouragement. One of her poems was published last year in a national magazine.

SUOMI COLLEGE, Hancock, Michigan, celebrating its 50th anniversary this year, is taking the initiative in laying the foundations for a Finnish American Historical Library. For its immediate program it plans the stimulation of popular interest in the Library, stressing the nature of such an institution and its function; a continuous and systematic collection of historical materials, both printed and manuscript; the publication of a bibliographical handbook, *The Finns in America: A Guide to the Printed Sources*, listing the important newspapers, periodicals, yearbooks, etc. that should be preserved

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(available in June 1946); and the completion and equipping of a Finnish American Historical Room in Suomi College's new building, a room that for the present has ample capacity for housing the library. For its long-range program it plans also the microfilming of newspapers, manuscript sources, and other documentation of a perishable nature; the initiation of an historical journal; and the publication of books dealing with varied aspects of immigrant life.

1946 MILESTONES:

The National Conference of the YWCA, March 5, which made specific recommendations toward integrating racial groups into an inclusive fellowship, pointing out that racial branches "should exist in the YWCA only if program and practices are moving them in the direction of integration."

The meeting in Richmond, Virginia, on March 5 of 400 white and Negro leaders of the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen who adopted a resolution to combat racial discrimination.

The meeting in Columbus, Ohio, of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, March 7, where 500 representatives of 25,000,000 Protestant church members unanimously passed a resolution renouncing racial segregation in their churches and societies.

The selection of Mrs. Emma Clarissa Clement as the American Mother of 1946 by the Golden Rule Foundation. The granddaughter of a slave, Mrs. Clement is the mother of seven children: Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University; Mrs. Abbie Clement Jackson, executive secretary of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Society; Frederick A. Clement, physics professor at West Virginia College; Ruth G. Bond, wife of the Inter-American Foundation director in Haiti; George W. Clement, field di-

rector of the American Red Cross in Italy; Maj. James A. Clement, Army chaplain on leave from Hood Theological Seminary; and Mrs. Sanders Walker, professor of English at Tuskegee Institute.

The increasing number of appointments of Negroes to northern college posts, among them Antioch College's appointment of Walter F. Anderson to a top-ranking position as head of its music department. Mr. Anderson is a graduate of Oberlin and has been director of music at Karamu House in Cleveland.

MANY SUMMER WORKSHOPS have been announced of interest to CG readers:

The third annual Institute of Race Relations of the American Missionary Association will convene at Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, from July 1 to July 20. Following an initial period of orientation in the scientific background of race and race relations, the Institute will resolve itself into seminars and panels to work out practical action programs for harmonious group living. The Institute is designed for educators, social and religious workers, labor and civic group leaders, governmental employees, journalists, members and staff workers of interracial committees, youth leaders, advanced students, and other interested persons. Application for membership may be addressed to Charles S. Johnson, Director, Institute of Race Relations, Fisk University, Nashville 8, Tennessee.

Three workshops in intergroup education are to be held this summer under the auspices of the project on Intergroup Education in Cooperating Schools of the American Council on Education. Workshops at the University of Chicago and Syracuse University, directed by Dr. Hilda Taba and Mr. Herbert K. Walthers, respectively, will run from June 24 to August 3. The workshop at Mills College, directed by Mrs. Marie M. Hughes, will

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be held from July 6 to August 17. These are open to teachers, supervisors, administrators, librarians, guidance workers, counselors, school psychologists, and community workers. In each of the workshops, provisions will be made for the following areas: community relations; curriculum in social studies, literature and English, and science; guidance and human development; elementary education and children's literature; all of these focused on the need for developing orientation and craftsmanship in teaching human relations and in organizing democratic group life in the school and community. The Chicago workshop will feature special help in evaluation; the Mills College workshop will emphasize community relations; and the Syracuse workshop will have a specially strong section in elementary education. For further information write to Dr. Hilda Taba, Intergroup Education in Cooperating Schools, 437 West 59 Street, New York 19.

The University of Southern California and the Pacific Coast Council on Intercultural Education (formerly the West Coast Office of the Bureau for Intercultural Education) announce a jointly sponsored summer workshop on intercultural education from June 24 to August 2, 1946 on the University campus. The members of the staff include Dr. Stewart G. Cole, director of the Pacific Coast Council and of the Workshop; Dr. Tanner G. Duckrey, distinguished Negro leader and assistant to the Board of Superintendents of the Philadelphia public schools; and Professor Jane Hood, Instructor Co-ordinator in Teacher Training, University of Southern California. A number of fellowships and scholarships are available. Write Mrs. Hood, School of Education, University of Southern California, Los Angeles 7.

The Second Summer Institute on the United States in World Affairs will be

held in Washington, D.C., at the American University, June 24 through August 2, 1946. It will bring more than one hundred teachers from all parts of the United States to the nation's capital to hear lectures on current affairs, to study methods and materials of teaching current problems, and to observe the federal government in operation. In the basic series of lecture-discussion sessions, attention will be equally divided between national and international problems. Representative of the many current topics scheduled for consideration are governmental reorganization, labor-management relations, inflation, housing, control of atomic energy, the UN trusteeships and dependent areas, relations among the Big Three powers, and international economic relations. Teachers who wish to attend the Institute either as auditors or as students for graduate credit should write to Walter E. Myer, Director, Institute on the United States in World Affairs, 1733 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

The Augustana Institute of Swedish Culture announces the 1946 Summer School of Swedish at Augustana College, June 17 to August 9. For further information write Dr. Arthur Wald, Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois.

THE CONGRESS OF RACIAL EQUALITY has announced a summer interracial action project in Chicago from June 17 to August 17. According to George M. Houser, executive secretary, the interracial group of volunteers for the campaign will spend their full time in direct action projects against racial discrimination. Among the various areas to be tackled will be job discrimination in the downtown Chicago department stores and also in some of the bakeries serving the Negro community on the South Side of Chicago. Working in co-operation with the local Chicago Committee of Racial Equality the summer

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group will continue the picketing campaign against roller skating rinks and other public places that exclude Negroes, which Chicago CORE has been pressing. The group will also work in co-operation with other Chicago organizations in combatting restrictive covenant agreements and residential segregation. These direct action projects are viewed as a laboratory for developing techniques to challenge Jim Crow and for developing leadership in the non-violent struggle against injustice. Those interested in being part of the 1946 campaign are urged to write for particulars and for application blanks to the Congress of Racial Equality, 1850 East 81 Street, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

A SWEDISH PIONEER CENTENNIAL Association has recently been organized to plan a festival in 1948 to honor the pioneers of Swedish immigration to the Midwest and the contribution they and their descendants have made to American life. Celebrations are planned for Chicago, Detroit, Rockford, Rock Island-Moline, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, and Lindsborg.

"A GUIDE TO RACE RELATIONS for Police Officers," published by the American Council on Race Relations, 32 West Randolph Street, Chicago 1, was incorrectly listed in our Spring issue as free. It sells for 10 cents a copy.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

IS JIM CROW IN INTERSTATE TRAFFIC CONSTITUTIONAL?

STRANGE as it may seem, it is nonetheless the fact that up to the present time the United States Supreme Court has not passed on the question whether or not a state may, from the standpoint of the Federal Constitution, compel segregation of passengers, by reason of color or race, on vehicles moving in interstate commerce.

Now the court has before it the Irene Morgan case in which this question is raised squarely.

The nearest precedent having a bearing on this question is the early case of *Hall v. DeCuir*, in which the court considered the constitutionality of the converse of the situation involved in the pending Morgan case. In the earlier case a state statute guaranteed to interstate passengers equal rights and privileges in all parts of public conveyances without discrimination

on account of race or color. In other words, it was a civil rights statute construed as applicable to interstate traffic. The Supreme Court in that case held that the act was a state regulation that was inconsistent with the commerce clause of the Constitution, and hence the statute was unconstitutional. The question now presented to the court is whether a Jim Crow law will be similarly construed and invalidated.

On July 16, 1944, Irene Morgan, a Negro, was a passenger on a bus of the Richmond Greyhound Lines, traveling from Hayes Store, Virginia, to Baltimore, Maryland, on a through ticket. The bus was traveling on a continuous and through trip from Norfolk, Virginia, to Baltimore, by way of Washington. During this journey, at Saluda, Virginia, the driver of the bus directed the passenger to move

from the seat she was occupying (in front of the rear seat) to the rear of the bus. She refused to move; whereupon the driver procured a warrant and caused her to be arrested. She was charged with violation of a 1930 Virginia statute which requires all motor vehicle carriers to separate the white and Negro passengers in their motor buses, and to set apart in each bus seats to be occupied by the races respectively. Occupancy of contiguous seats on the same bench by white and colored passengers at the same time is forbidden. Failure to obey the directions of the driver is a misdemeanor. The driver is declared a special policeman. The passenger charged by the bus driver with violation of the act may be ejected from the bus.

The Negro passenger was convicted of violation of the statute. The Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia affirmed the conviction. It held that the statute applies to both intrastate and interstate passengers. The case has been taken to the United States Supreme Court by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Apart from *Hall v. DeCuir*, the Supreme Court has had other cases before it involving Jim Crowism, but in those cases the state statutes were construed as being limited to intrastate passengers. Jim Crow requirements were upheld as long as "equal" facilities were provided Negro passengers. In the more recent *Mitchell* case, though the Negro passenger was traveling in interstate commerce, the only question presented to the court was whether or not the rule of "separate but equal" facilities had been observed by the train company. Segregation as such was not attacked by the party who brought the action. In the *Morgan* case there is no question of a denial of "equal" facilities; it is segregation in interstate traffic that is directly challenged as unconstitutional

when it is made mandatory by a state act.

It should be obvious that there is a strong national interest in freeing interstate commerce from the diverse and conflicting requirements as to the rearrangement of passengers; that this national interest should prevail over local notions of racial policy. The experience of Negro soldiers during the war comes readily to mind. They were members of the armed forces of the United States, and not of Virginia or Texas; yet they were subjected to humiliation, inconvenience, and discomfort at the will of states which saw only their color, not their uniforms or functions.

The burdensomeness of the Jim Crow requirements on the interstate traffic of carriers and passengers has been pointed out by a Maryland court: "When a passenger enters a car in New York under a contract with a carrier to be carried through to the District of Columbia, if when he reaches the Maryland line, he must leave that car, and go into another, regardless of the weather, the hour of the day or the night, or the conditions of his health, it certainly would, in many instances, be a great inconvenience and possible hardship. It might be that he was the only person of his color on the train, and no other would get on in the State of Maryland, but he, if the law is valid against him, must, as soon as he reaches the state line, leave the car he started in, and go into another, which must be furnished for him, or subject himself to a criminal punishment. Or take, for illustration, the Cumberland Valley Railroad from Winchester, Va., to Harrisburg, Pa. In Virginia a law of this kind is in force, while in West Virginia and Pennsylvania there is none, as far as we are aware. On a train starting from Winchester the passengers must be separated according to their color for six or eight miles, when it reaches the West Virginia line, then

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through West Virginia they can mingle again until they reach the Potomac, when they would be again separated, and so continue until they reach Mason and Dixon's line, when they are again permitted to occupy cars without regard to their color . . . there would be at least three changes in that short distance."

In that case the highest court of Maryland held that the state statute could not constitutionally be applied to interstate passengers. In the Morgan case the NAACP lawyers are asking the United States Supreme Court to reach the same conclusion as to the Virginia act.

The Morgan case is of strategic importance particularly because of the geographic aspects. Virginia is so located that the entire body of North and South travel along the Eastern Seaboard is required to pass through that state; and all persons traveling South and Southwest from Washington, or to Washington from those sections, must pass through Virginia. Virginia's Jim Crow policy thus affects a very substantial portion of interstate passenger traffic in the United States.

The case of course involves more than Jim Crowism on Virginia buses. There is legislation in that state requiring segregation on railroads, steamboats, and street cars, as well as motor vehicles. The decision of the Supreme Court will affect travel in all public carriers.

There is such diversity in segregation requirements among the southern states that one must know a great deal of local law if he is to avoid serious entanglement with law officers and conductors on a long trip. Assume a trip from the District of Columbia to Louisiana, the NAACP brief argues, through Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. Within the District of Columbia all passengers have the free run of the vehicle. But when Virginia is entered, passengers must

move to comply with the statute under consideration. As soon, however, as Kentucky is reached, the interstate passenger regains his power of choice as to seats. When the vehicle passes into Tennessee, the interstate passenger is again segregated. When the vehicle crosses the line into Alabama, he is not subject to the segregation statute in Alabama which expressly excepts from its interdictions passengers in interstate commerce who started their journey in jurisdictions not having segregation statutes. In Mississippi, segregation is again invoked, but entering into Louisiana the local segregation statute is once more inapplicable. The reason for this Balkanization of the South is that in some states the segregation acts apply only to intrastate passengers, while in other states the acts apply to both intrastate and interstate passengers. Thus, the Tennessee, Mississippi, and Virginia acts segregate all passengers, while the laws of Kentucky, Alabama, and Louisiana apply only to intrastate passengers.

It is significant that the case has not raised the question whether or not the Virginia act violates the Fourteenth Amendment. The only question raised is whether or not the act is constitutional in the light of the commerce clause. The reason for avoidance of the question relating to the Fourteenth Amendment is that the Supreme Court precedents have sustained racial segregation as constitutional, in the light of the Fourteenth Amendment, as long as "equal" facilities are provided the Negro. Until those precedents are upset, it is much safer to rely on the commerce clause. Perhaps some day Mr. Justice Murphy will win over a majority of the court to his point of view, and then there will be no need for the Negro to avoid reliance on the due process and equal protection clauses of an amendment adopted to guarantee to him basic democratic rights.

• Intergroup Education •

CONDUCTED BY LEO SHAPIRO

A REPORT on projects in intercultural education in the San Francisco elementary schools, *Building for World Understanding: "To Live in Peace With One Another,"* has just been issued by the San Francisco school system. Consisting of 91 mimeographed pages, it gives an interesting account of what the schools have been doing to promote intergroup understanding.

As the report points out, this kind of education is not altogether new to the San Francisco schools. In 1941, the schools issued a *Teachers' Guide in Social Studies* which developed the theme, "Developing a Better Understanding of the Art of Living and Learning Together." But this was still when the various ethnic groups lived in fairly well defined areas—the Italians largely in "the North Beach section, the Potrero, and the outer Mission"; the Russians in "the Potrero and the Western Addition"; the Chinese in "forty-two square blocks in Chinatown"; the Japanese in "fifteen square blocks in the Central Fillmore Street district"; the Mexicans, Filipinos, and Negroes near the Chinese and Japanese sections.

After the evacuation of Japanese Americans and the vast influx of newcomers, there was a great deal of moving about, and groups came to occupy sections which they had never lived in before. For example, Negroes in Hunters' Point District found themselves living side by side with white Southerners who had migrated to work in the adjacent shipyards.

The culture composition of schools and neighborhoods changed. A former residential district (that is, of thirty years ago) became a housekeeping, furnished-room, transient district. The school had

an enrollment in 1943-44 of 1,060, with exactly 1,000 children new to the school; during the year 867 transferred. In 1944-45 the enrollment dropped to 865; 615 children came from 33 states, four Latin American countries, and Alaska. There were, among others, Negroes, Chinese, Filipinos, Gypsies; at home they spoke Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, Yiddish, Armenian, Greek, Finnish, French, Russian, Norwegian—and so on.

All this in one elementary school. Talk about mobility. Talk about Ballad for Americans. A pipe dream for intercultural education—or for constant tensions, fights, riots. It could have drifted one way or the other.

The situation was not permitted to drift. The cultural diversity was recognized for what it was, a rare opportunity for democratic education; the rich potential was activated and put to work. The school administration gave the direction, and the teachers, students, and community did the job of follow-up and implementation. The San Francisco Conference played a part in the program; "the schools' programs were adjusted so that the children could profit by the rich opportunities offered."

First came the planning stage before the beginning of the school year 1944-45. One school planned its units of study through six grades as follows: (1) Learning to Work and Play Together; (2) Working Together in Our Community; (3) Learning About San Francisco's People; (4) Learning to Understand and Appreciate the Various Culture Groups of San Francisco and California; (5) Developing an Understanding and Appreciation of Present Day Life Through the Study of the Gifts of Preceding Culture

Groups in America; (6) Developing an Awareness of the Increasing Importance of Group Interdependence and World Relationships, and Living in America—A Nation of One People From Many Lands.

Another school stressed interdependence and the need for co-operation and sharing, from the kindergarten unit on Living in Our Home, through other units on How We Live at Home and at School, the farmer, the feeding of the community, communications and transportation, the diverse origins of all who contributed to the development of San Francisco and California. Other units dealt with How Peoples From Many Lands Settled in America (low and high fifth), How Modern Transportation Brings the Peoples of the World Closer (high fifth and low sixth), Understanding Our World in the Air Age (sixth), Learning to Know Our World Neighbors Through Literature (seventh and eighth), How the Culture of the East Has Contributed to Our Western Civilization (seventh-grade unit in social studies), America's Growth and Development (eighth-grade unit in social studies combining sociology, cultural anthropology, ethnology, applied civics).

These were the plans. How did they work out?

Here is one school's progress report during the school year 1944-45. The units on intercultural education were integrated into the curriculum. There were faculty meetings in October, December, March on intercultural education in social studies; a lecture in November on Brotherhood for Parents' Night; a dramatization of United Through Books later in the month; observance of Negro History Week in February with assembly program, motion picture, etc.; observance of Brotherhood Week later in the month; review in April of Stewart G. Cole's intercultural institute—and so on. The rec-

ord of teacher participation in this school looks even better. Forty-two teachers reviewed texts in the field; seven attended a teachers' course; one attended the California Labor School Course in International Relations; six attended meetings of the Civic Unity Council, and one became a regular delegate; four attended a university summer workshop. The youngsters reacted in an interesting way, too. In one school, the traffic squad elected a Chinese captain, a Filipino lieutenant, and a Negro boy who seems to have had a position called vice-captain. "A Portuguese Hawaiian and a Negro girl call for some Chinese kindergartners whose parents speak no English."

The section on anecdotal records is worth reading. Let me cite two of the stories. Two little Japanese American boys were enrolled in the kindergarten and, after their mothers' departure, began to cry. One could not stop crying, but just then a Negro lad, who was junior traffic officer, asked if he might take care of the little boy because "He's my friend." Then he took the child "on his lap and rocked him to and fro. Gradually the tears ceased, he put his arms around the colored boy and there they sat swaying rhythmically back and forth—no race, no color—just friends."

The other story is not so good. A Negro boy and a white boy had had a fight in the schoolyard and were patching things up in the office after school. Just as they shook hands to seal their friendship, "the mother of the white boy who had arrived, unbidden, to see that justice was done, rose angrily, shouting, 'I told that son of mine at noontime that if he ever took that nigger's hand, he'd better never touch mine again.'"

The book concludes with a helpful annotated eight-page bibliography on Latin America, which lists materials for various countries and indicates elementary grades.

This is followed by an equally helpful bibliography of twenty-one pages, which lists books, pamphlets, maps, magazines, etc., for teachers, as well as a general and special list for youngsters of various grades (which are given in every instance) on the Negro and on the countries (separately classified) of all the continents.

Many comments could be made about this publication. Without question, there are many good things in it. At the same time, it is not without certain shortcomings. The point of view becomes distorted occasionally, partly because it is evidently the product of many hands. Thus we are told early in the book that the emphasis has been "not so much on international relations as on an appreciation of various cultural contributions" of this country and others; but the interest in the very next page and elsewhere in the San Francisco Conference and much of the trend of the school units demonstrate pretty clearly that the dynamics of intercultural relations cut across artificial lines and bring one inevitably to an examination of international relations.

Quite a lot could be said about the self-evaluation of the San Francisco program; but this problem is an old one and likely to be with us for a long time, as long as school systems persist—understandably but unfortunately—in making "over-all views" and "progress reports" based on insufficient and inexact data which pass blithely over the students, teachers, parents, and community people unaffected by the school's intercultural projects, however well conceived.

Moreover, the project of correspondence with "pen friends" in other countries has its wry aspects. (And by the way, wouldn't that be international?) It's very nice to write to Ruby in Glasgow and to a "Dear World Neighbor" in Britain—but what about our little neigh-

bors who were evacuated from the West Coast?

As a matter of fact, the Japanese Americans get very little play in the book. They are always called Japanese, in the few places that they get in. But most of the time they don't get in. The bibliography for teachers has Carey McWilliams' *Brothers Under the Skin*, but not his *Prejudice* or *What About Japanese Americans?* Similarly, the book list for pupils has most of the countries of the world, including China and India, but not a hint of Japan. The omission can't be explained by merely an "enemy country" argument, because Germany is included.

One can't be sure of the real reason in these matters. But if the omission of Japanese Americans is based on the feeling that they are the No. 1 "problem group," then it simply won't do. The acid test of the honesty and effectiveness of an educational program is just there—with the No. 1 "problem group." Leave a group out because of "practical" reasons and it becomes a crack in your intercultural House of Usher. Sooner or later, it will split your house wide open. Intolerance has its own little set of dynamics, made to order for problem groups.

It reminds me of a letter I received from a well intentioned white group worker from the South. He wanted very much to initiate a program in his area in intercultural education, and he had written a rather interesting article for possible publication which said, among other things: "How excellent it would be to develop understanding and sincere goodwill toward all Americans—Protestant, Catholic, Jew, English, French, German, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish, Lithuanian. . . ." The list went on to mention about twenty groups, but—no Negro.

Well, whether it's Atlanta or San Francisco, it can't be done. It's a stub-

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born thing, this business of learning to live together—either you do or you don't. But *Building for World Understanding* is a good job, and well worth anybody's time.

I must at least make mention of several publications which have just appeared, and which will certainly prove helpful to those who are interested in intergroup education.

First, there is the Sixteenth Yearbook (1945) of the National Council for the Social Studies, *Democratic Human Relations*, edited by Hilda Taba of the American Council on Education project on Intergroup Education, and William Van Til of the Bureau for Intercultural Education. The book examines, among other things, the purposes of intergroup education, curriculum and learning activities, practices in social studies courses, study units, school activities, community utilization, guidance, basic concepts—these with the aid of various people beside the editors. The chapter on Materials and Sources is an excellent descriptive list of all kinds of material for teachers and pupils, with occasionally serious (but understandable) omissions. The entire field is evaluated in the last chapter, which is justifiably hopeful about the hopeful indications, but disappointingly inadequate in its analysis of "present inadequacies" and "salient needs."

Second is a handy 58-page pamphlet, *Charting Intercultural Education, 1945-55*, edited by Steward G. Cole, I. James Quillen, Mildred J. Wiese, and his associates of the Stanford Workshop on Intercultural Education (Stanford University Press, 1946). This is, in many

ways, the closest approximation of the sort of book on the ABC's of Intercultural Education that teachers and group workers are always asking for. The structure and style are simple, but by no means superficial. Included in the contents is a discussion of the aims of intercultural education, major issues, questions and problems (a rather clever instance of exposition by interrogation, and quite excellent), effective practices in school and out. The bibliographical section, the least fortunate in the pamphlet, consists of some seventeen books and four periodicals, and would do well to incorporate many of the items described in more ambitious bibliographical lists, including those compiled by Dr. Cole himself.

The materials described above are the merest handful of the intercultural literature which has appeared in the last few months. It is good to see democratic intergroup education taking hold this way, especially in the yearbooks of comparatively large and strategic organizations. But there are too many duplications and repetitions—and bibliographies.

There appears to be evidence that virtually every agency, institute, conference, or workshop has prepared just such a bibliography at one time or another. One of these days, a caustic wit may have himself a good time doing a survey critique of intercultural bibliographies, together with an appended statistical estimate of the man-woman-hours lost through overlapping and duplication. Isn't it about time that one of the agencies—perhaps the Bureau for Intercultural Education—publish a fairly complete and annotated bibliography to end all bibliographies—at least for six months?

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

SAFEGUARDING THE FOUR FREEDOMS

THE FIRST FREEDOM. By Morris L. Ernst. New York: Macmillan. 316 pp. \$3

Our economic security, our release from fear, our freedom of worship, all depend—so Morris Ernst believes—on the unrestrained flow and interchange of ideas. Mr. Ernst, member of the New York Bar and notable for his defense of civil liberties, finds all four freedoms endangered, here and now, by a pervasive restraint of ideas of which the public is hardly aware. Concentration of power in the realm of thought has already happened. The means by which this control operates is monopoly of the three great modern media of communication: radio, movies, and the press. Four networks dominate the radio; five companies the movies; in a hundred areas only one newspaper is left, and that one owns the only radio station; in 1,280 cities and towns monopoly ownership—largely absentee-owned—shapes opinion. Similarly, mass methods in education block free interchange of ideas between teachers and those taught. Youth is devitalized for want of any active part in discussion, or struggles blindly with problems it could have been helped to solve. As a whole, the book is a keen critique of two views: for and against mass control of ideas, news, and entertainment. Clearly we drift toward the former, while our democratic faith supports the latter. “My basic article of faith,” says Mr. Ernst, “is that the full development of the individual requires innumerable avenues of access to the mind. . . . Man, literate and informed, must develop a capacity to sift and assay. That is the creed democratic.”

This dovetails with Parley Paul

Womer's contention in *Citizenship and the New Day* (Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$3) that political appeal is made to crowds, under the false assumption that the crowd's capacity for democratic action is automatic and boundless. Actually this results in minority government, since crowd opinion is manipulated by a powerful few. “The conversion of the crowd into a citizenry is the big problem . . . of polyglot America even more than of other democracies.” This problem Dr. Womer discusses from every angle including ideology and education, in a highly illuminating book. His work in organizing and developing a Department of Citizenship in Washburn University has been a practical demonstration of the measures he advocates.

The intimate human point of all this is brought out in *Freedom's People* by Bonaro W. Overstreet (Harper. \$2). A book of only 115 pages, this engaging little volume is a richer commentary on human relations on the democratic level than any that have come our way for a long time. Mrs. Overstreet is telling us, informally, about people who can feel at home in a free society, and those who cannot—people she has observed, talked with, listened to. Some, in spite of their professions, are misfits in a democracy. One type, the *self-made man*, once our boast, has of late become rather a pathetic figure, “helpless in situations where nothing is for sale.” A returned soldier observes: “What's wrong with the world is that we're always looking at people with our own purposes in mind.” Mrs. Overstreet has much to say on that kind of blindness, the only cure for which is the habit—lost to many—of see-

ing other persons, all kinds, rich or poor, native or foreign, white, black, or brown, as individuals, meriting our respect for their human dignity.

Civilization and Group Relations, a symposium edited by R. M. MacIver (Harper, \$2), continues the discussions, *Group Relations and Group Antagonisms*, conducted earlier by the Institute for Religious Studies and reviewed here in Autumn 1944. It is the tragedy of our time that such telling appeals to the common man to show decency in his dealings with other persons who are "different," and to rectify his thinking about them, cannot reach the common man; can reach but a very small fraction of the uncommon. And because we have no way to reach this everyday citizen, we find him inert where he should be alive to these issues. Karl Llewellyn's words are as arresting as the crash of cymbals. E. C. Lindeman's warning of postwar tensions we already see fulfilled. It is tragic that all cannot read and heed what twelve of our wisest social thinkers have to say here on what they rate as the major problem of society at the present time.

Until Merle Curti's *The Roots of American Loyalty* (Columbia University Press, \$3) is read, and read to the end, one does not realize that patriotism has

been appealed to in the sacred name of American loyalty to defeat first one, then another, of the four freedoms, for upward of a hundred years. In this unique and exhaustive study of patriotism, of what it means and has meant, Professor Curti shows that nativism has constantly corrupted the Jeffersonian concept of democracy as designed to safeguard the natural rights of man. As early as 1837, a reform movement that associated human rights with patriotism was denounced by a conservative as "foreign and imported doctrine . . . hostile to American ideas of regulated liberty," just as now any progressive movement or appeal for the rights of a minority is also denounced as foreign, communistic, un-American. Nativism has been in turn "Protestant" nationalism, "white" American, old stock, "pure" stock, Ku Klux, anti-this and anti-that, but ever jealous of intrusion on imaginary first rights of firstcomers and ever neglectful of the principles on which this commonwealth was founded. A new chapter in the history of American patriotism began with Pearl Harbor, writes Mr. Curti, but the future of American loyalty cannot be foretold. Will it mean loyalty to all mankind or only to an exclusive chauvinistic America?

THE NEGRO IN THE WORLD TODAY

Rayford W. Logan's *The Negro in the Post-War World* (Minorities Publishers, \$1.50) is a book within everyone's reach, a basic primer for the general reader, well suited for use in high schools, yet so informative as to merit the notice of scholars. It is an interpretation of the plight of the Negro today—in the two Americas, in Africa, in the Pacific, and in the imperial-

istic colonies everywhere—with enough of the historic background to explain why his plight is what it is. Packed with hard-to-get data on administration, discrimination, social trends, political prospects, and cultural conditions in all these regions, and with valid comment, this brief but compact book is as scholarly as it is comprehensive. Dr. Logan's long experience

as a university teacher, a researcher, a secretary and interpreter of several Pan-African Congresses, and finally as editor of the widely discussed University of North Carolina Press book on *What the Negro Wants*, makes him an authority in this field.

Mbonu Ojike, who writes *My Africa* (John Day. \$3.75), is keenly conscious of the need for all Negroes, African or American, to share the privileges and responsibilities—as they already share the burdens and disabilities—of a world that is patently one. In his own life, and at the age of 30, he has bridged the gap between the old, unmechanized culture of Africa and its complicated opposite here. He is culturally and completely *in*; yet he was born in a Nigerian village as yet untouched by foreign influence. He not only recounts the impact of Western tools, schools, and ideas, but embodies its effect on a keen and receptive African mind. Written to interpret his people to the West, Ojike's book will charm readers by its full and vivid detail of village life, and will promote intercultural co-operation.

Marching Blacks by Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. (Dial. \$2.50) is militant heady reading, pointing out that the forces that would degrade and separate the Negro masses here are the same as those we fought in Europe and must be fought here. The new Negro and the new white man must work together with an increasing momentum that will break down all opposition, for every American of whatever race, faith, or national background has a stake in the issue. Aframericans, says Congressman Powell, want freedom and full civic rights, with no dogmas or isms binding them, their politics based on issues, not parties.

Negro Labor by Robert C. Weaver (Harcourt, Brace. \$3) is a particularized and exhaustive account of the resistance met by over a million Negroes who left

farm for factory between 1940 and 1944; of the gains made against the color-caste system that would have debarred them; and of the prospective security of those gains. No one could be better qualified to write this account than Dr. Weaver, in charge of Negro training and employment in the Office of Production Management and, later, Director of Negro Manpower Service in the War Manpower Commission. An enlightened student of social problems, he meets the white worker's fear of Negro employment (as a threat to his own job) with the assurance that employment for any group is uncertain unless that of all groups is sustained. Worth remembering is Mr. Weaver's observation: "The economic fate of the Negro has never been and never will be dissociated from that of all labor in the nation."

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, by Brailsford R. Brazeal (Harper. \$3), illustrates this last point. Professor Brazeal's account reveals that there was much anti-union sentiment in the ranks of Pullman porters, despite grievances well recognized. Responsibility to the labor movement as a whole had to be stressed. Support by other labor organizations was needed—and given—before the Brotherhood could win out. The story of the techniques of opposition and how they were met, as well as the development of the movement in its relation to all American labor, is fully covered in Dr. Brazeal's authentic report.

Essays in the History of the American Negro by Herbert Aptheker (International Publishers. \$2) is the story of a dispossessed people struggling for freedom. It is offered as a contribution to the present crusade for freedom and equality. The author effectually disposes of the myth that slavery was a kindly and patriarchal institution and reveals it for what it was: a system of commercial exploitation up-

held by a tyrannical rule in which the exploiters and owners of labor were beyond the law.

Gwendolyn Brooks, whose *A Street in Bronzeville* (Harper, \$2) has recently won her a Guggenheim award, knows how to catch a fugitive impression and hold it in verse unspoiled by too formal a handling; knows how to set the commonplace in a poetic frame. There's pity,

here, for the frustrated folk in the Black Belt of Chicago; and sharp metaphors that puncture sham. The verse is mostly free, unrhymed and uninhibited. But when the author chooses to confine a more reflective thought to the strict dimension of fourteen lines and the grave rhythm of a sonnet, as in the closing group of ten, the result is impressive; has promise as well as depth.

ANSWERED IN FICTION

Many of our "minority problems" and the divisive hates that aggravate them arise from failure to ask the right questions and find the true answers. Our novelists are troubled more than ever before in human history about the tragic situations that result from such failure to ask questions, seek out the cause, find plain solutions for divisive problems. For instance:

How would you feel if you were mistaken for a Jew?

Arthur Miller, when he wrote his brilliant novel, *Focus* (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50), posed this question. Faced with it, his protagonist, a confirmed Jew-hater, takes a coward's course and fails miserably. Only at the end—beaten down and bludgeoned into a sense of reality—is there wakened in him a spark of real courage.

What happens if, born and bred a Jew, you disavow and despise your heritage?

Jo Sinclair in *Wasteland* (Harper, \$2.50) deals with this situation in a manner wholly arresting. Jake Brown, of second-generation immigrant stock, is at odds with his home, family, and religious background; he is ashamed of them, has lost his identity. The result is an unbearable inner conflict. If, as experts now tell us, race and faith-hates are forms of men-

tal sickness, the same is true when the victim of hate seeks a cure in the sick core of prejudice, thereby uprooting himself. In this poignant story, relief and integration are found in a psychiatrist's office, where long and bitter struggles in the unconscious are brought out into a clear and healing light.

What are the pressures on security and decency within the overcrowded black ghettos of our cities?

Ann Petry demonstrates the answer in her novel, *The Street* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), written out of a living and working experience of six years in New York's Harlem. The swift tempo of the novel and the intense fascination of it as fiction may for some readers dim the social indictment contained here. That would be a pity. For until the meaning of those inhuman pressures and warping experiences is burned into the conscience of all America, such things as Mrs. Petry describes will continue to happen to the Lutie Johnsons of our cities. *The Street* is an outstanding novel from any angle.

What about the wall between white folks and colored? What are the forces that help break it down?

Fannie Cook, who wrote *Mrs. Palmer's Honey* (Doubleday, \$2.50), is one of St.

Louis' white folks who does not want that wall kept and who resents its ever having been built there. This novel, first winner of the George Washington Carver Award, takes us into the life of the colored neighborhood in St. Louis, the Ville, with its segregated living and schools and hospitals for Negroes only. Competent and charming, Honey Hoop as cook or maid knows all about what goes on behind both sides of that wall. Honey's transition from maid to war worker and her awakening to the possibilities of the crio in breaking down the wall of segregated living, furnish the theme of Mrs. Cook's fine story.

How warping an influence can bitterness and hatred toward white folks be for a Negro?

Chester B. Himes in his novel, *If He Hollers Let Him Go* (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50), answers through Bob Jones, a shipyard worker who lives a nightmare existence ruled by unreason, in a blinding confusion of loyalties, hates, and lusts. The good in him is baffled at every turn. "White folks sitting on my brain" is Bob's explanation of his madness. He resents "the look on white people's faces";

the "living every day scared, walled in, locked up" by the barrier of race; the word "nigger," used by the vilest white slut with impunity. The story, one feels, might have been told without the realism that makes it, at times, revolting; but it is a ruthless analysis of an emotionally unstable Negro whose finer qualities are so quickly blacked out by ungovernable compulsions that no high motive outlasts the contact that evoked it.

Is there any new fiction in which sanity, faith, and humor blend to create a family life that is warm and normal and wholesome?

Yes, Jessamyn West's *The Friendly Persuasion* (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50). Set just west of the Kentucky border, the scene is rural American; the folk are Quaker, with some human foibles but unhating. Peace, friendliness, and homely living—we had these before hate-made problems spread the world over to tear apart the fabric of social sanity. Even if we must go back some decades to find them, stories like these, the best of their kind since David Harum, will give us a fresh hold on sane living.

"WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

Carey McWilliams' *Southern California Country*, latest of the American Folkways series (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.75), will bring home to many what few have understood: that there are in California more cultural and ethnic group conflicts than anywhere else in the States, that these groups have never been integrated yet are not wholly segregated, and still attract hordes of migrants to a synthetic civilization that hangs by a thread. The thread, of course, is water; the lure, climate.

Technology saves the situation—to date. An all-American problem comes to focus here: "America in flight from itself," as L. P. Jacks has said. Immigrants constitute the large majority of the people now living in Southern California. The earliest were from Europe; next from the Atlantic Coast; then mass migrations from the Middle West; lastly the Southwest, sparked by war industry. These successive waves of immigration have been matched by a smaller but socially significant influx

of Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Negroes, and others in the labor brackets, together with technologists, clerics, writers, artists, actors, and escapists from every quarter of the world. The tourist usually sees nothing but the surface scene of palms, gardens, Hesperian orange groves, Mission plays and fabulous movie-star estates, diversified by crack-pot performances in temple and mart. Ugly features, such as the gestapo tactics used on Mexican labor and the wretched quarters where Filipinos are forced to live among bawdy houses and gambling dens, are kept pretty well hid. Carey McWilliams, after long and brilliant labor exposing the ill usage of minorities (Japanese, Mexicans, and "Okies") in book after book, might have rested on these and dwelt now on idyllic scenes. But no, the abuses are deep in the social pattern, he points out: have been there since Mission days when Indians were virtually enslaved to develop those vast holdings now glamorized in the Mission myth; since white Americans exceeded Spanish soldiery in brutality toward the native tribes; since white Protestants shot down Chinese laborers and plundered their homes; until today when working Mexicans are herded into jail at the first evidence of intent to unionize or strike. Every form of prejudice and race-hatred thrives in scattered pockets the region through. Good folk from the farms of Iowa and Illinois come to Southern California to rest and enjoy the "pretty scenery." They can't be bothered about affairs for which they do not feel responsible (being newcomers) and about which the leading newspaper tells them nothing, or only enough not to disturb them. All this needs to be told and it is told here, ably and well. Only in the first chapter, where McWilliams deals with the land itself, as nature in a unique mood, has the author allowed himself pure esthetic release.

Again, in Carlos Bulosan's personal history which he calls *America Is in the Heart* (Harcourt, Brace. \$3), we see beneath its glamorous surface the California that Filipinos know. This is the story of soul-survival: the rise to eminent authorship—in *English*—of a peasant boy from a village near Lingayen, through suffering, ignominy, and crushing defeat, beside which Jack London's early hardships are trivial. All this with no education save what the boy could pick up, the man extend and deepen, through reading in chance libraries and in hospital wards during years of illness. The title is from a phrase used by Bulosan's brother Macario who, in desperate plight, burned a taper-flame of faith and hope. Its use here shows that this flame, so often put out by "white American" brutality, could be re-ignited, refueled, held high, to illumine, indeed, the hideousness of race prejudice, but also to declare the writer's firm faith that this blighting hate is not America, in whose real heart—if it can be reached—his race will find amity and acceptance.

White Man's Burden by Ruth Smith (Vanguard. \$2) is the personal story of a Kansas girl growing up in a small and friendly town where religion meant much and Christian ideals prevailed. The picture is idyllic, for the ideals had not been challenged. The challenge came in a Christian college near by, where a Negro applicant was refused admission because of a massed protest by white "Christian" students. Shocked by this incident, Miss Smith went South to teach in a mission school for Negro girls. It was there she learned, "you can't walk together in the sun because one is colored and the other is white": a southern fiat backed by hooded Ku Klux demonstrations. From then on, she refused to co-operate with the "great white conspiracy." Out of still other years of experience in the South and North she learned how to answer insulting questions,

not defiantly, but with controlled feeling and enforced objectivity, and how to promote *understanding*. A warm personal testament by one whose life work is dedicated to bringing about better human relations.

For all who would gain similar objectivity, *Anatomy of Racial Intolerance*, edited by George B. de Huszar (H. W. Wilson Co. \$1.25) provides a compact, comprehensive, and readable discussion. Thirty-two acknowledged authorities cover different phases of this worst and most dangerous social and psychological ailment, race-hatred; a mental sickness, whatever its specific form. We

commend particularly the sections dealing with intolerance as a disease and problem for psychiatry. Thus, Dr. J. F. Brown finds three psychological mechanisms at work in anti-Semitism (and the same would apply to other hate-forms): displacement (i.e. "displaced aggression," use of a scapegoat); projection, or attributing to others attitudes we will not accept for ourselves; and rationalization, which makes up specious motives to cover the base ones. Louis Minsky on "Intolerance" and Gordon Allport in "Bigot in Our Midst" are immensely clarifying. Remedies for race prejudice are covered in the last section of the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Calabashes and Kings. (Hawaii.) By Stanley Porteus. Pacific Books. \$3.50.

Yankee Storekeeper. By R. E. Gould. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.

Dynamite On Our Doorstep. (Puerto Rico.) By Wenzell Brown. Greenberg. \$2.75.

Experiment in Germany. By Saul K. Padover. (Story of an American intelligence officer.) Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.75.

Taras Shevchenko—Selected Poems. Translated by Clarence A. Manning. Ukrainian National Association.

Ghillebert De Lannoy. By Petras Klimas. (An ancestor of F. Delano Roosevelt in Lithuania.) Lithuanian American Information Center.

The Slovaks. By Peter P. Yurchak. Obrana Press.

History of Polish American Culture. By Stefan Wloszczewski. White Eagle Publishing Co.

The Balkan States. By George E. Mylonas. Eden Publishing House.

My American Adventure. By Erna Barschak. Ives Washburn. \$2.75.

Distinguished American Jews. Ed. by Henry Lotz. Association Press. \$1.50.

All God's Children. (A Jew speaks.) By Armond E. Cohen. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Until Summer Comes. By Dr. F. M. Al Akl. The Pond-Ekberg Co. \$3.

Anna Luhanna. By Anneke de Lange. Greenberg. \$2.50.

The Stone in the Rain. By Laura MacDuffie. Doubleday. \$2.50.

Ships in the River. By Gösta Larsson. Whittlesey House. \$2.75.

Those Other People. By Mary King O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

The Nightingale's Song. By Dorothy Alofsin. Jewish Publication Society. \$2.

The Wisdom Tree. By Emma Hawkrigde. (Historic outline of man's emergent search for truth and the roots of faith and worship.) Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

The Process of Persuasion. By Clyde R. Miller. Crown. \$2.

Reveille for Radicals. By Saul D. Alinsky. Chicago University Press. \$2.50.

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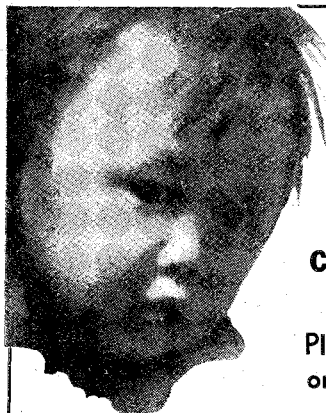
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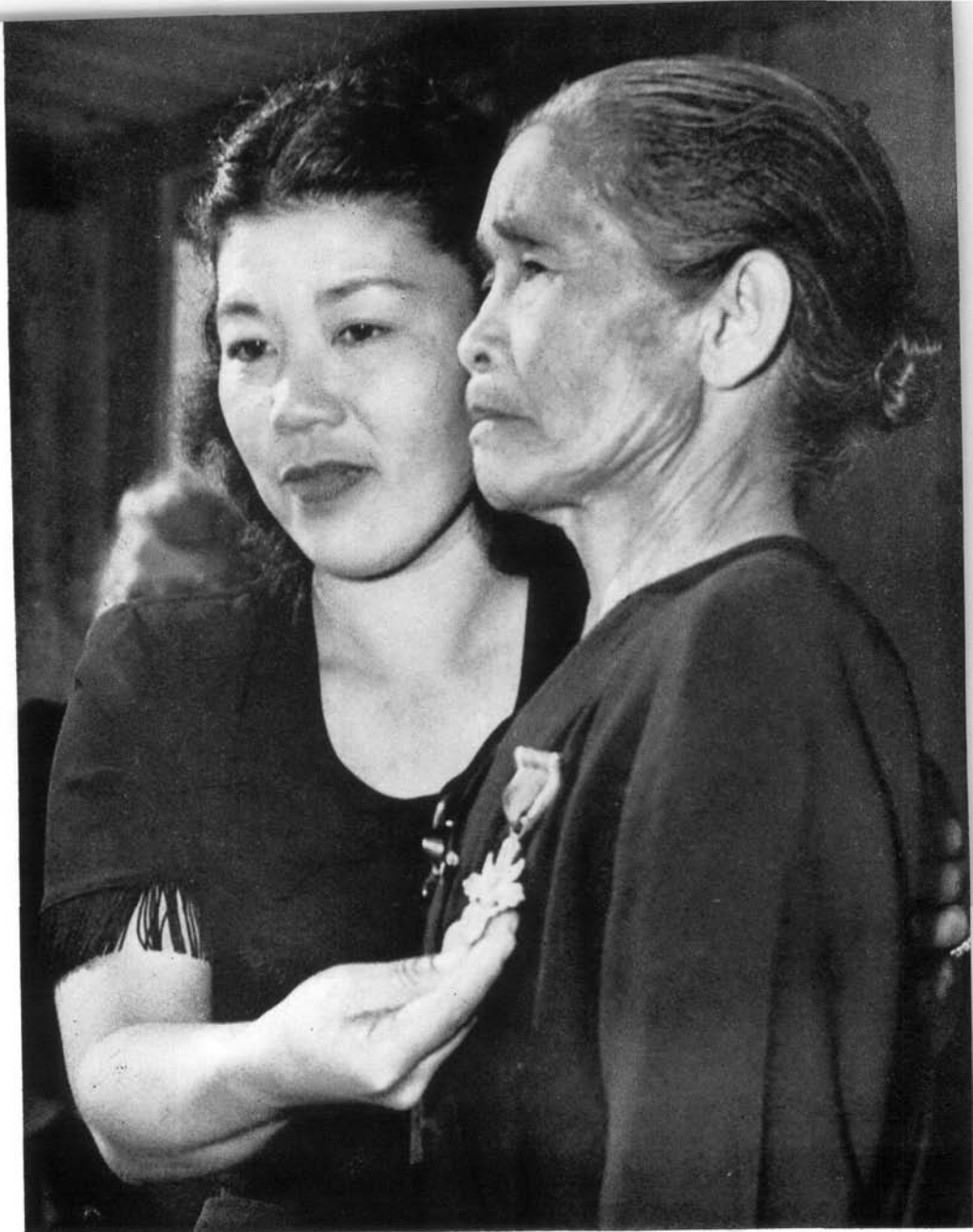
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Mrs. Gensuke Masuda, Japanese-born mother of S/Sgt. Kazuo Masuda, wears her son's Distinguished Service Cross presented posthumously to his sister, Mary Masuda of Santa Ana, California. Sgt. Masuda was killed in action in Italy. General Joseph Stilwell made the presentation.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

The Congressional Medal of Honor, awarded posthumously to Pfc. Frank J. Petrarca of Cleveland, is presented to his mother, Mrs. Dominic Petrarca, by Major General Charles L. Scott. Pvt. Petrarca lost his life on New Georgia Island while attempting to rescue a wounded comrade from enemy gunfire.



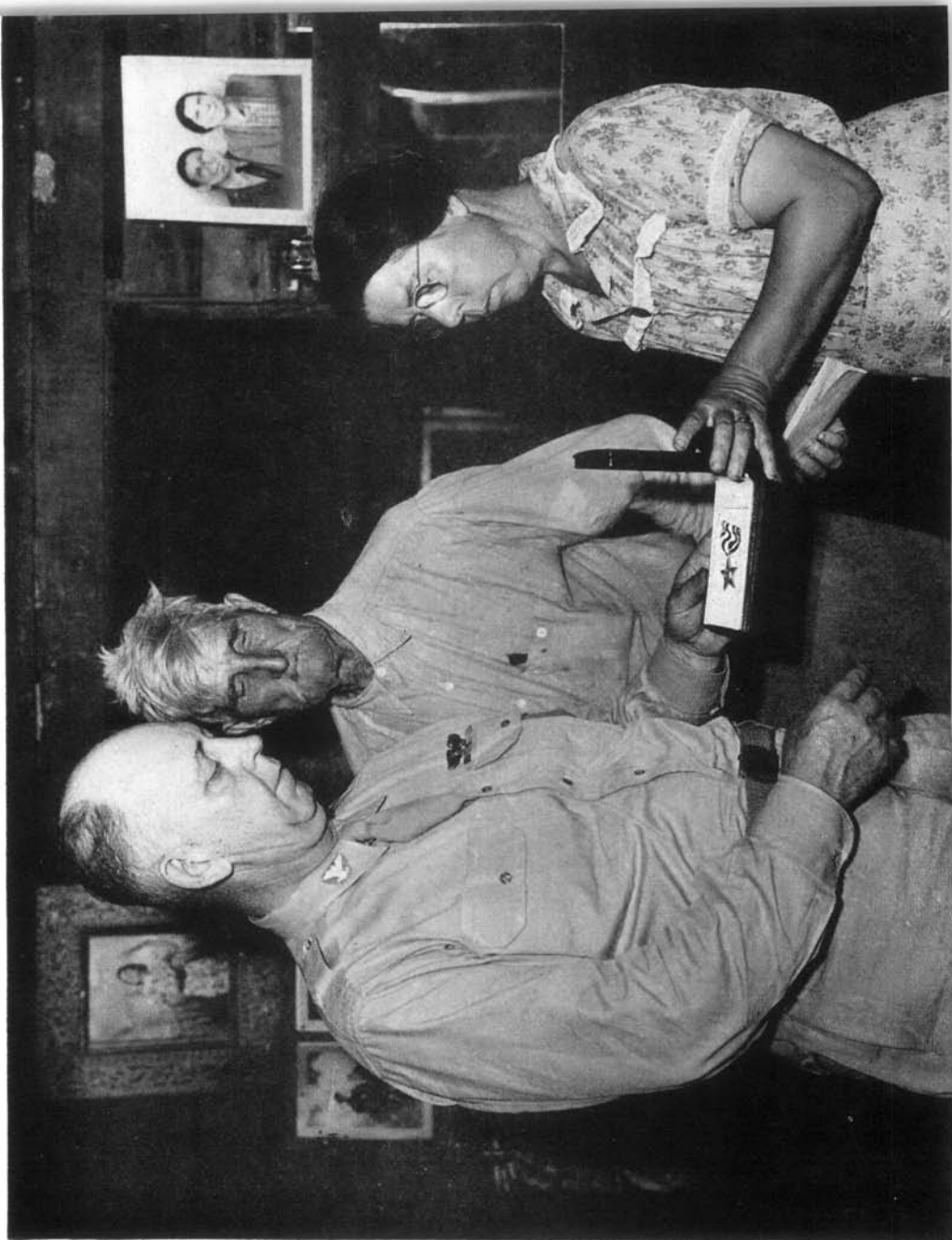
NATIONAL JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

Mr. Nathan Zussman, father of Lt. Raymond Zussman, 27-year-old Tank Corps officer of Detroit, receives his son's posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor from Major General Charles L. Scott. Single-handed, Lt. Zussman liberated the French town, Noy Le Bourg in the Rhone Valley, accounting personally for 17 enemy soldiers killed and 32 captured.



ACME PHOTO

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Sullivan of Waterloo, Iowa, parents of the five Sullivan boys who lost their lives when the Cruiser Juneau was sunk in the South Pacific, are presented Purple Hearts by Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward as the Navy's posthumous awards in recognition of their services.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

Col. Elmer J. Bowling presents the Silver Star Medal to Mrs. Rittie Williams of Prattville, Alabama. Her son, Pvt. Jack M. Williams, was posthumously awarded the medal for gallantry in action near Buna Mission, New Guinea.



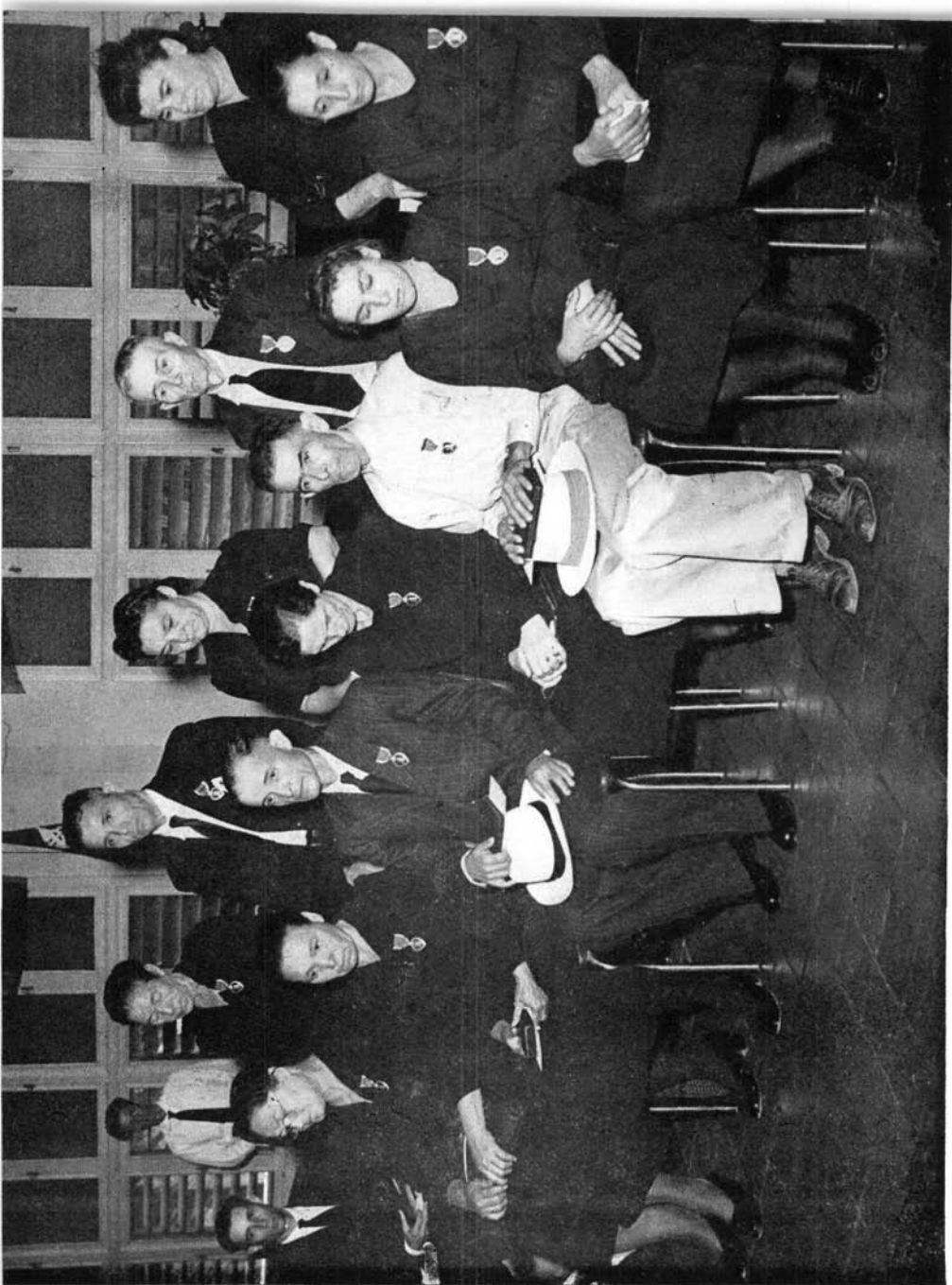
U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Mrs. Louise Mears of Greensboro, North Carolina, receives the Air Medal with an Oak Leaf Cluster from Captain George H. Fitch of the Army Air Forces on behalf of her son, T/Sgt. William G. Mears. Sgt. Mears was an aerial gunner on a Flying Fortress which was shot down over Italy.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

Mr. Herman O. Dietz, father of S/Sgt. Robert H. Dietz, of Kingston, New York, receives the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously awarded his son, from Brigadier General Morris W. Gilland. Sgt. Dietz was a squad leader with Co. "A," 38th Armored Infantry Battalion, who, on his own initiative, advanced alone, scorning the bullets which struck all about him, and cleared the road for the capture of Kirchain, Germany.



SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

Eleven fathers and mothers, and a wife, of 12 Puerto Rican soldiers killed in action wear the posthumous Purple Hearts presented by Major General Edwin F. Harding in a ceremony at Ft. Brooke, Puerto Rico.